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The Editor will be pleased to receive suitable articles, notes, etc., and will return MSS. not accepted for publication.

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THE NEW
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THE CALENDAR OF THE MUH T'IEN TSZ CHUEN

BY

LÉOPOLD DE SAUSSURE

In a recent article[1] I proposed to show that the 穆天子傳 (except a few passages evidently interpolated) is not at all "fabulous," but really extracted from the diary of an historiographer of king Muh. This curious document relates the long journeyings of the dilettante monarch who delighted in leading a life of sport away from his capital, spending his time in shooting, fishing, playing chess, climbing mountains, planting trees or writing verses. This story of travels, quite unique of its kind, on account of its antiquity and of its detailed character, has evidently not been studied very

(1) The *Journal Asiatique*, after publishing a first communication in its May, 1920 number, will give the detailed analysis of the text in one of the following numbers.

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closely by Chinese or occidental critics: none of them seems to have noticed the great errors which have been introduced into its calendar when the text was reconstructed.

It is known that the *Muh T'ien Tsz Chuen*, written on flat pieces of wood, was discovered in the third century, at the same time as the 竹書紀年 and other documents, in the tomb of a prince which had been opened by thieves.[1] These men burned some of the tablets in order to light the sepulchral room and left the rest in great disorder. It has therefore been necessary to reconstitute the document from these mixed-up remnants.

The collected text mentions three returns of king Muh to his capital of Nan-tch'eng; but the beginning of each of these three journeys is missing. This blank is much to be deplored: it deprives us of the indication of the reign-year, which must have been shown and which would fix the date.

The greater part of the document (four sections out of the six) has to do with a long sporting trip which lasted two years, during which king Muh paid a visit to Si-wang-mu. Many bits are missing from this part of the account, but these omissions do not throw any doubt on the continuity of the account. It is not the case with the following part, which extends over two different years, of which the consecutiveness is not compatible with the conditions given by the calendar. The scholar who reconstituted the text has not realized these blanks.[2] His method was extremely simple. He contented himself with joining the different fragments of the Travels, solely on the basis of the succession of the sexagesimal cycle, without taking account of indications of months and seasons, assuming that a cyclic date always follows the preceding one, and without realizing that one or several cycles may have

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(1) Cf. Ed. Chavannes. *Les Mémoires historiques de Se-ma Ts'ien*, t. V, appendice I.

(2) He has acknowledged certain blanks shown by an interruption in the text, which Eitel in his translation (*China Review*, Vol. XVII) shows by stars. But he has not noticed (any more than Eitel, Forke, Terrien de la Couperie, Giles, Chavannes, Parker, etc.), other missing portions proved by calendaric data.

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passed between them. He has applied this principle not only between fragments of the same journey, but even from one journey to another, in continuing imperturbably the numeration of the days: the return from the first voyage having taken place on the 661st day, 丁酉, he decides that 丁丑, the first day mentioned of the second journey (of which he sees nevertheless that the start is missing), ought to be numbered 701, as if the continuity from one cycle to the next was certain. But there is no reason to suppose that king Muh, just returned from an absence of two years, would start again immediately for another absence of the same length. There is nothing to show either that this pretended second voyage took place after the first; on the contrary it contains incidents, for example the founding of Fu-lao and the hunting party at P'ing, which the Bamboo Book places in the 14th year of the reign, 3 years before the visit to Si-wang-mu, which took place in the 17th year.[1]

A glance at the adjoined table will suffice to show various mistakes. One sees that, in the numbering of the days, the uneven numbers correspond at first to the uneven numbers of the cyclic signs, then to the even numbers of these signs and then again to the uneven numbers.

One notices further that between No. 855 (the 3d month of summer) and No. 862 (the second month of autumn) certainly more than 7 days have elapsed; that between the snow fall of No. 907 and the "Great heat" 大暑 of No. 910, more than 3 days must have passed; that between the 2d month of winter (No. 906) and the second month of autumn (No. 943) there had passed, not 37 days, but either 217 or 277 days.

Next, a more careful study shows that between No. 261 (the first month of autumn) and No. 626 (the first of winter in the following year) more than 365 days must have passed, and that 60 days must be added to the journey.

(1) Eitel considers in his translation that the Bamboo Book makes a very excusable mistake in changing the order of the journeys. This appreciation shows that he had no suspicion of the much less excusable stupidity of the arbitrary numbering of the days.

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MUH T'IEN TSZ CHUEN'S CALENDAR

Traditional numeration of the days	Cyclic rank		Month and season	Events
— — — —	— —	—	— — — — —	Initial blank
No. 1	戊寅	15		First date of the 1st journey
261	戊戌	35	1st month of autumn	
288	乙丑	2		Last date at Si-wang-mu
— — —	— —	—	— — — — —	Lacuna
339	丁未	44		Arrival at Kivang Yuen
382	己亥	36		Departure from Kivang Yuen
626	壬戌	59	1st month of winter	
656	壬辰	29	2d month of winter	
661	丁酉	34		End of the 1st journey
— — — —	— —	—	— — — — —	Initial blank
701	丁丑	14		First date of the 2d journey
754	庚午	7	... month of summer	
— — —	— —	—	[Intercalary month]	
829	乙酉	22	2d month of summer	
855	辛亥	48	3d month of summer	
— — — —	— —	—	— — — —	Lacuna
862	丁巳	54	2d month of autumn	
887	戊寅	15	3d month of autumn	
906	丁酉	34	2d month of winter	
907	戊戌	35	Snow fall	
— — — —	— —	—	— — — — —	Lacuna
910	辛丑	38	大暑 Great Heat	
943	甲戌	11	2d month of autumn	
1003	甲戌	11	3d month of winter	
1006	丁丑	14		Incidents related in the 14th year by the Bamboo Book
1025	丙申	33		
1076	丁亥	24		End of the 2d journey
— —	— —	—	— — — — —	Initial blank
1118	己巳	6		First date of the 3d journey
1180	辛亥	48	1st month of winter	
1281	辛卯	28		End of the 3d journey

Such are the constatations concerning the length of the journeys. It remains to find out whether the indications of the text allow us to determine the dates of these trips, which the Bamboo Book places in the 14th (hunting party at P'ing) and 17th (visit to Si-wang-mu) years of the reign of Muh wang; that is to say the years 949 and 946 according to the chronology of the 竹書紀年, or the years 988 and 985 according to the chronology of the 通鑑綱目. This investigation shall be the matter of another article.

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OLD-WORLD STORIES OF HANYANG

KE-TOLD BY W. ARTHUR CORNABY*

It was in the Chou dynasty, which began 1122 B.C., that Hanyang first appears on the page of history. The original patriarchal rule had been merged in a decidedly cantankerous feudal system. The founder of the dynasty, the worthy Wu Wang or "Martial Monarch," with more good nature than regal wisdom, had parcelled out the land among a number of newly made lords and lordlings, only retaining for his own absolute rulership a moderate-sized State in the centre of the whole. And it was from the geographical situation of that regal domain of his that the Chinese gained the term Chung Kuo or "Central State"—colloquially, but incorrectly translated "Middle Kingdom"—for the whole of the land of China: the word "State" or "Realm" not necessarily meaning "Kingdom," for it is used of the *Republic* of China to this day.

In all, Wu Wang created 18 large States, and 72 smaller ones. These became very Disunited States, whose chief energy found an outlet in fighting and intriguing one against another; certainly with the formation of short-lived Peace

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* A lecture delivered at the U. C. Literary Guild, Hankow, October 8, 1920.

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Leagues here and there, but only thus combining so as to resist or to attack some State or combination of States which was outside that particular League. And before many generations had passed, the various State-rulers who had grown arrogant through their conquests and annexations learned to defy the central regal authority altogether, and to call themselves "kings." The unruly barons of the Middle Ages of Europe were gentlemen compared with some of these conscienceless marauders. Not that there were no good local rulers of China during that epoch. But men of lurid villainy predominated, especially in those wide regions to the West and the South, known as Ch'in (秦) and Ts'ou (楚) (Pekingese spelling *Ch'u*), which were then wild and uncivilized, and were only tardily recognized as integral parts of China Proper. These two States—the one in Shensi and Kansu with no western boundary; the other in Hupeh and Hunan with no southern frontier—made up for this lack of recognition, which was to them mere snobbery on the part of States in no wise their betters, by forcing themselves on the notice of everybody. Indeed, in the very end, Ch'in swallowed up the whole land, giving us our modern word *China*. And it was only lack of opportunity, not lack of ambition, which prevented Ts'ou from anticipating Ch'in in this enterprise.

This ambition of Ts'ou came to a head as early as 680 B.C., when, with no rhyme or reason beyond a craving for universal monarchy, the unprincipled ruler forcibly annexed the baronies of Sui in North Hupeh, and of Hanyang on the Yangtse.

Now, to be an organized barony in 680 B.C., of sufficient importance to attract the marauding Ts'ou, Hanyang city, as capital city of that barony, must have existed some time before that date. Its rise as a city was possibly soon after the founding of the Chou dynasty in 1122 B.C.; and certainly as far back as the founding of the city of Rome in 753 B.C. Truly, the quiet little city of Hanyang is an ancient city indeed.

There is reason to believe that the powerful ruler of Ts'ou had a palace in the Hanyang region, as the climax

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of the following story indicates: the story is *The Silent Lady of Hsi.*

Near the centre of modern Honan province were two neighbouring marquisates, the larger of them called Ts'ai, and the lesser Hsi. The rulers of both married daughters of the Marquis of Ch'ên (a State stretching from the east of the modern K'ai-fêng in Honan, southward into An-hui province). The Marquis of Ts'ai was older than the Marquis of Hsi, and so first married the elder sister. A month after the marriage of the younger sister, the Lady of Hsi, as she was now called, paid a customary visit to her parents in the State of Ch'ên, and her road lay through the State of Ts'ai. Hearing that she was near at hand with her retinue, the Marquis of Ts'ai said to himself: "This Lady of Hsi is my sister-in-law, and is reported to be of absolutely peerless beauty. I must invite her to my palace, and have a look at her." He accordingly sent messengers to intercept her and make her the guest of his wife. The two sisters were doubtless glad to renew their intercourse, and to talk of old times. But the manners of the marquis toward the Lady of Hsi were utterly wanting in the courtesy due to an honourable guest. She was justly indignant, and on her return journey took care not to pass through the territory of Ts'ai again. Her husband was more angry still, and formed a plan of revenge against Ts'ai.

Now it happened that the ambitious ruler of Ts'ou had by this time annexed all the lesser States in Hupeh, east of the Han river, and had laid the State of Hsi under tribute. This tribute the Marquis of Ts'ai refused to pay, for he was allied with a northern combination of States, having some relationship to the powerful Duke of Ch'i in the north-east.

The Marquis of Hsi accordingly sent a minister of his with the tribute to the King of Ts'ou (as he called himself) with the message that: "Ts'ai trusts to the fact of his being a member of the northern confederacy, and refuses to become tributary to Your Majesty. If you will send troops to invade my territory, I will beseech the aid of Ts'ai on the pretext of driving your troops back. The Marquis of Ts'ai is bold but careless, and is sure to come in person to the fray. Then I

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will combine my troops with yours, and you can capture him alive." A dishonourable plot, certainly, against a neighbour who was so far friendly that "he would be sure to come in person" to the rescue in any supposed great danger!

The King of Ts'ou consented, and the plan succeeded, so that the Marquis of Ts'ai was soon a prisoner in the camp of Ts'ou, and helped to grace his triumph, if triumph it may be called, when he returned to his own land. That heartless ruler determined to slay his captive, boil his flesh, and offer it in sacrifice in the ancestral temple,—as a warning to any others who dared to resist his ambitious projects. But a certain statesman named Yu Ch'uan strenuously opposed this, and when the king persisted, he caught hold of the king's sleeve with one hand, and with the other brandished his own sword before the king, saying: "Your Majesty and I shall both die before you disgrace yourself thus before the other rulers of China, and arouse their antagonism." The king saw he was in earnest, and fearing for his life, cried: "I consent. I consent. I'll forgive the Marquis of Ts'ai." At which the loyal statesman said: "That, Sire, will be a great boon to the realm of Ts'ou. But as I have lifted up my sword against my sovereign I pray that I may be slain instead." Then the king replied: "That was your loyalty. I blame you not a whit." But Yu Ch'uan insisted that incivility to a sovereign must be punished, and slashed with his sword at his own foot, severing it from his leg. At this the king ordered that the severed foot should be embalmed and preserved, as a caution to himself against rejection of faithful admonition; and sent the court physicians to heal his statesman's wound. This they did, but he never walked again. So the king made him keeper-in-chief of the city gates, ennobling him with the title of Earl.

Meanwhile, he treated the Marquis of Ts'ai as an honoured guest, and prepared a great feast before sending him home. He brought forth his girl-musicians to grace the proceedings, and made the fairest of them offer his guest a bumper of wine on bended knee. And after the Marquis of Ts'ai had toasted the king in return, the king said with a

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smile, "Have you ever seen a girl whose beauty equals this one?" "Yes," said the guest, "the Lady of Hsi is said to be absolutely peerless among all ladies below the skies. Her eyes are as autumn wavelets, her complexion is like the peach blossom, her figure is of perfect proportion, and the eye of man has not seen her like."

This speech produced the effect that the speaker designed it should. The King of Ts'ou henceforth could think of nothing else but the Lady of Hsi. He soon planned a tour of inspection through that tributary State, and being feasted royaliy by the marquis of it, said in his cups: "Now, I know that your embassy to me was on your wife's account. I have put myself and my army to considerable trouble in the matter, and the least that the lady can do will be to acknowledge her indebtedness by offering me a cup of wine." The marquis was duly scared at this speech, but dared not refuse. So the Lady of Hsi came at her husband's bidding, in all modesty, and offered the wine-cup on bended knee, blushing the while.

Next day the king of Ts'ou gave a return-feast in his camp, and again required that the Lady of Hsi should come and be his cup-bearer. This was clearly going beyond all bounds, and the marquis begged politely that she should be excused.

"What!" shouted the king, banging the table with his fist, "you dare to resist me." Then, to the soldiery: "Bind him at once, and let the lady be brought immediately."

A swift messenger rushed to the palace and spread the news before the soldiers arrived. "Alas!" said the marchioness, "it has been a case of 'inviting a tiger into one's dwelling' (this revenge upon Is'ai). But I will manage for myself." And she ran into the palace garden, to throw herself down a well. Before she could do so, however, the commander of the soldiery intercepted her, saying: "Do you not want to save your husband's life, Madam? By destroying yourself you will assuredly destroy him." And with such words he persuaded the unwilling lady to accompany him.

Arrived at the camp the tiger smiled. That is to say, the King of Ts'ou spoke to her comfortably, saying that by coming she had saved the marquis and his marquisate. And

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forthwith, in the camp, he celebrated his own marriage with her! But though he carried her in state to Ts'ou and made her his queen (in place of whom, history does not relate) she never spoke to her capturer for the space of three years, and the tear-drops hardly ever left her face.

It is at this stage in her career that a distinguished poet of the T'ang dynasty (Tu Mu. 803–852 A.D.) sings of her in four choice lines which may be thus paraphrased:

Of slender form and dew-decked peach-flower face,
Each spring's return all silent finds her there.
How fell her home-land in such dire disgrace?
Alas, her own fall, with a face so fair!

Then at last, when the king pressed her as to the reason of her silence, she replied: "I, a servitor of two husbands, and not allowed to die, how can I utter any words?"

At this the King of Ts'ou, as a lame excuse for himself, said: "All this trouble of yours has arisen out of the insulting manner of the Marquis of Ts'ai; added to which he has now annexed the marquisate of Hsi as his own domain. I will vindicate your cause and punish him." And he accordingly led his army into the State of Ts'ai. At this the marquis came forth in great fear, stripped of his robes as a sign of penitence, and offered the whole of his revenue and his accumulated treasure by way of expiation. Seizing all these, the King of Ts'ou returned.

What became of her rightful husband, who had plotted against the boorish but friendly Marquis of Ts'ai, to his own undoing, is not known definitely. He was probably released to return to his own little land, to be killed there by the Marquis of Ts'ai. One version of the story is that the ex-Marquis of Hsi was made a doorkeeper of the palace of Ts'ou. And, taking advantage of the absence of the king, the Lady of Hsi sent a message to him, saying: "We can but die once; why then prolong this misery and disgrace? Alive, we are parted; but in death we may be united in one grave." Then she slew herself, and her husband followed her example.

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But there is no hint of this in the very terse genuine history of those times, nor in that skilfully-rendered popular expansion of that history, known as *The Divided*, or Separate, *Realms* (列國志) from which the above narrative has been taken.

During those three silent years she had borne two sons to the King of Ts'ou. Her maternal instinct would be likely to reconcile her with life in the alien Court. Her misfortune with regard to her husbands would cause her Oriental conscience some qualms; but her duty to her two boys would clearly prevent her from suicide at this stage. And so we continue to follow the narrative in *The Divided Realms.*

In the year 675 B.C., the King of Ts'ou neglected all government, and gave himself up to the lusts of the flesh and the lust of conquest. He tried to get the little barony of Pa to assist him in the conquest of another realm called Shên (申); a deed of villainy to which the Baron of Pa would not consent. Then the King of Ts'ou must needs gain the enmity of a certain neighbouring clan, whose chieftain he killed; and that clan consulted with the Baron of Pa as to the feasibility of their invading the Kingdom of Ts'ou, saying that they would assist him from within the territory. For Pa to attack Ts'ou was a case of a dwarf attacking a giant. But the members of the wronged clan, disguised as soldiers of Ts'ou, brought about the defeat of the Ts'ou army. The king had led that army in person, and now had to flee to a city of his where the statesman Yu Ch'uan, he of the severed foot, was keeper of the gate. It was night as the fugitive king knocked and demanded admission.

"Is Your Majesty victorious?" asked Yu Ch'uan from within.

"No, indeed, defeated," was the reply.

"Then," said Yu Ch'uan, jealous of his monarch's honour, "I cannot open the gate. From of old it has never been heard that any ruler of Ts'ou has been defeated. And for the great army of Ts'ou to be routed by a tiny state such as Pa, will make Your Majesty a laughing stock everywhere,—unless you achieve a victory before returning home. Now, the

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Barony of Huang (the present Huang-chou in Hupeh) has neglected to send a deputy to your Court. Conquer that barony and things will be adjusted. I cannot let Your Majesty in till then."

So the king swore in a rage that he would either conquer the State of Huang, or never return to his capital again. He had been wounded in the neck by an arrow, but led his re-assembled army to Huang, and urged them on to a life and death struggle. The Victory was gained, but that night in his camp the King of Ts'ou had a vision of the dead Marquis of Hsi appearing before him, saying: "How sinned I against you that I should be slain, my territory invested, and my wife seized and carried off? I come hither at the mandate of the Most High," and so saying the ghost struck the king on his neck. The king awoke with a shout of terror. The wound had re-opened, and the blood flowed incessantly. He was carried to the nearest of his cities, and there, the next night, he died.

We need not follow the fortunes of the Lady of Hsi any further, except to say that the younger of her sons, a lad of spirit and energy, managed secretly to put his weaker elder brother to death, and thus raised himself to the throne. And when the Lady of Hsi at length died, the people of Ts'ou had been so impressed with the beauty of her complexion, and some of her moral qualities, we hope, that they raised in Hanyang a temple to the memory of the "Peach-blossom Lady," as they called her. It was rebuilt many times in Hanyang, but no trace of it lingers today: only the pathetic memory of the Silent Lady of Hsi.

T'iao Hêng, the Chinese Diogenes.

The Disunited States of the Chou dynasty were swallowed up by the western State of Ch'in in the year 225 B.C., and the short-lived power of the Ch'in sovereigns was merged in the great Han dynasty in the year 206 B.C.

Among the families which have reigned in China none have gained so high a place in the popular esteem as the Liu family which governed the Empire, under the name of Han,

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for 450 years. Never was China so strong as then, or so worthy the name of "The Central Realm," with all the neighbouring lands as tributary vassals. But in the end the virility of the Han sovereigns sadly dwindled. The last nine of them came to the throne respectively at the age of 10 years, 100 days, 14 years, 2 years, 2 years, 8 years, 15 years, 12 years, and only the last (who was no sovereign at all) was 17 years old on his nominal accession.

The real power had been in the hands of dowagers and young girls, and a crowd of eunuchs and palace-intriguers,— until it passed into the grasp of several rival generals of dubious virtue. One of these, named Ts'ao Ts'ao, being possessed of the greatest tactfulness and daring ambition, made the young emperor his prisoner and puppet, while he issued decrees in the imperial name. Such was the condition of things in the year 200 A.D. What wonder, then, that such philosophers as there were in China should have become cynics?

Ts'ao Ts'ao held his Court, in the name of the emperor, at Hsuchou (in modern Honan), with the policy of winning all the lesser military chieftains of China as his subordinates. His plan of action was to talk them over by the aid of some eloquent genius, gifted with arts of suasion.

Now it happened that there was ruling at Chinchou (near to the modern Sha-si on the way to Ichang) a relative of the young emperor. named Liu Piao. Ts'ao Ts'ao was anxious to win him, and wished to set his counsellor K'ung Yung to this task. But K'ung Yung said he had a friend whose genius was ten times greater than his own, adding that if an Imperial edict were issued, this man might be persuaded to come and serve his sovereign (he did not say that his friend would consent to serve Ts'ao Ts'ao, it is to be observed). Accordingly, a recommendation was written and handed into the palace. The emperor (that is, the young man who was nominally such) consented and gave the commission to Ts'ao Ts'ao to call T'iao Hêng, the genius in question. And thus T'iao Hêng came to what was really the Court of Ts'ao Ts'ao.

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Now, cynics make poor sycophants, and T'iao Hêng could no more bring himself to be a flatterer of Ts'ao Ts'ao than Diogenes of Alexander. There is a story of Diogenes to the effect that, after he had been captured by pirates and taken to Corinth, he appeared one sunny day in the streets of that gay city, holding a lighted lantern in his hand; and on being asked the reason, replied that he was looking to see if he could find *a man*. In like manner T'iao Hêng, being summoned into the presence of Ts'ao Ts'ao and his lieutenants, to bestow compliments and to give counsel, lifted up his eyes on high, saying: "Heaven and earth are wide; how is it there are no *men* to be found between them?"

Ts'ao Ts'ao restrained his anger sufficiently to reply that he had some tens of mighty men of valour around him, and he mentioned their names and their offices. Whereupon T'iao Hêng smiled sourly, saying that he knew them all, and mentioning their names one after the other described them in the words: "The first might serve to console folks after a bereavement; the second might manage to guard an unmolested grave; the third might serve as a doorkeeper; the fourth, a ballad-singer; the fifth, a drummer and gong-beater; the sixth, a cow-keeper and stable lad; the seventh, a getter-up of dirty lawsuits; the eighth, a letter-carrier; the ninth, a sharpener of knives and swords; the tenth, a guzzler of wine, lees and all; the eleventh, a mortar-carrier for wall-building; the twelfth, a sticker of pigs, and slaughterer of dogs; the thirteenth, oh yes, a generalissimo (save the mark!); the fourteenth, a money-grabber in a civil post; and the rest are mere clothes-frames, rice-sacks, wine-barrels, and meat-bags."

"Then what abilities have you?" asked Ts'ao Ts'ao angrily.

"Oh," said T'iao Hêng, "there is no knowledge celestial or terrestrial that I have not pondered over. I can instruct monarchs how to rule like Yao and Shun. I can manifest the virtues of Confucius and Yen-hui. But I cannot consort and discourse with a set of low vulgar fellows."

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At this, one of the stalwarts drew his sword to behead the boaster. But Ts'ao Ts'ao checked him, saying: "I am in need of a drummer at our feasts."

Accordingly, next day, a feast was spread, and T'iao Hêng ordered to come forth as drummer. This he did, not in the official robes of palace-attendants, but in the shabbiest possible clothes; and he drummed away in such fashion that all present were struck with melancholy. An attendant cried out: "Why do you appear here in such disreputable garb?" whereupon T'iao Hêng stripped himself naked.

"Don't you know the proprieties?" shouted Ts'ao Ts'ao.

"Certainly I do," said T'iao Hêng. "To deceive and shame your rightful sovereign is a breach of all propriety. As to this body of mine, the gift of worthy parents, see how clean it is!"

"Clean! whose is not?" roared Ts'ao Ts'ao.

The reply came: "You cannot distinguish between able men and duffers, there is defilement in your eyes. You have never digested any noble classics, and thus your mouth is defiled. You know nothing of the teaching of history, ancient or recent, thus your person is defiled. You are ever scheming to complete your usurpation of the Empire, your heart is defiled. I have a name for perspicuity throughout the Empire, and you make me your drummer-slave, thus flouting the sages Confucius and Mencius. In your insensate ambition to become universal monarch you treat worthy men thus!"

At this, one of the generals present, fearing that Ts'ao Ts'ao would kill T'iao Hêng, began to plead for him.

"Look here," said Ts'ao Ts'ao, controlling himself, "Liu Piao of Kingchow refuses to join in with me. I am sending you to him, and if you manage to talk him round, I'll make you my honoured ambassador."

T'iao Hêng at first refused to go; but three four-horse chariots were prepared, and attendants appointed to take him there in all dignity. A feast was also prepared outside the east gate by way of a suitable farewell.

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But one of the generals whom he had insulted ordered the rest not to rise from their seats when T'iao Hêng came to the feast. And no one did. Seeing this breach of ordinary manners, T'iao Hêng lifted up his voice and wept, saying: "I am as one living man in the midst of so many coffins."

"If we are dead men," exclaimed one of them, "you are a headless ghost" (meaning that he would soon be decapitated).

"Not so," said T'iao Hêng, "I am a counsellor of the Han dynasty. It is you servitors of Ts'ao Ts'ao who are without a head."

At these words, several swords flashed, but the chief general averted bloodshed by saying: "Put up your swords, gentlemen. They are not to be defiled with the blood of vermin."

"Vermin! with the soul of a *man*, who fears not to defy an arrogant usurper," retorted the intrepid T'iao Hêng, "while you are a swarm of dirt-daubing wasps." Thus the incongruous feast proceeded, flavoured with pungent invective by way of sauce! And anon T'iao Hêng departed on his way.

Arrived at Kingchow T'iao Hêng bestowed ironical praises on Liu Piao, who took offence, and sent him to an independent chieftain at Kianghsia (the modern Wuchang). On being asked why he did not kill T'iao Hêng, Liu Piao said: "He shamed Ts'ao Ts'ao, whose reputation is bad enough as it is; so *he* would not make it worse by killing a notable genius. He sent the man to me to do that for him; but I have some sense, and so passed him on alive."

Arrived at Kiangshia T'iao Hêng was banquetted by the chieftain there who asked him his opinion of Ts'ao Ts'ao's men. He gave characteristic replies. "Well, and what do you think of me, then?" asked his high-and-mighty host.

"Oh, you!" said T'iao Hêng. "You are like an idol in a temple which receives any amount of incense and offerings, and does nothing in return."

"What!" cried the irate host, whose feelings were inflamed with distilled spirit, "you liken *me* to a wood and mud

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image?" and he drew his sword and beheaded his guest on the spot.

When Liu Piao in Kingchow heard of this, he sighed and ordered that T'iao Hêng be buried with honours in the strip of land known as the "Parrot Islet," to the south-east of Hanyang city, and there his tomb remains to this day.

Lu Su, the straightforward statesman.

The times of Ts'ao Ts'ao were introductory to the famous Three Realms epoch of Chinese history, when the land was definitely divided among three ruling families. Before those three realms definitely crystallized out, the two other men who were making for rulership along the Yangtse Valley were Sun Ch'üan, whose sphere of influence was East China, with Hanyang as a Central China outpost; and Liu Pei a scion of the house of Han, whose rulership was going to be exercised in Szechuen, but who now occupied several cities in the Centre of China.

One or two years have now passed since the death of T'iao Hêng, and our present business is with a certain Lu Su who became an ambassador from East China to the Centre. His tomb is today a conspicuous object, outside the north-west corner of the Hanyang city wall.

Sun Ch'üan, young and intrepid, had succeeded his father as generalissimo of East China, and found an able supporter in a young strategist, named Chou Yü, of the age of 26, whom he wished to make his sole counsellor. But Chou Yü was no meagre-minded man, and he nominated Lu Su as a desirable man for his own lieutenant. "Lu Su," he said, "is a native of the country east of Lin-wei (in modern An-hui province.) He is a skilful swordsman and an expert archer, and a man of abundant resource and wise tactics. His father died when he was young, and he has been filial to his mother ever since. His family estate is of an opulent order, and his generosity to the needy is notable. When I was residing near his home, several hundreds of refugees passed through, who, hearing of Lu Su's stores of grain, went to him beseeching his aid. He immediately gave them three thousand

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bushels (the half of all that he had) and sent them on their way rejoicing; such is his benevolence. His services as counsellor are in request elsewhere just now, but his mind is not quite made up. You will do well to secure him without delay." So Chou Yü was sent to Lu Su with suitable gifts and representations.

Lu Su pleaded that a chieftain elsewhere expected his aid. But Chou Yü urged that, in these times of rivalry and uncertainty, the wise man must himself make choice of the master he will serve, and not throw himself away on the first applicant. Sun Ch'üan of East China, now, was a man of courtesy to all who were worthy; a man whose status and qualities promised an honourable career for all attached to his service.

Like attracts like, and the magnanimous Lu Su saw in Chou Yü a man after his own heart. Nor had he in after years any cause for regret in his choice of a colleague. Chou Yü has left his mark on history's page. For when, in the year 208 A.D. Ts'ao Ts'ao massed an army of 800,000 men, and an enormous fleet of boats manned by thousands more, to crush his rivals of the East and Centre, who at that time had formed a defensive alliance,—Chou Yü, with but 30,000 men at his disposal, managed to put the northern army to rout by first setting fire to Ts'ao Ts'ao's fleet on a windy night, not far from Huangchow city; and thus averted the danger both to his prince Sun Ch'üan, and to Liu Pei's followers also. This Battle of the Red Wall, as it was called, was one of the great events of that period; and was celebrated in a prose meditation 800 years afterwards by the famous Sung dynasty poet Su Tung-po.

But Liu Pei in his Central China cities, and later when he gained his far-western domain, had also his heroes and his inimitable strategist. Chief among those heroes was Kuan Yü, who has been chosen by China as the ghostly champion of all honourable warfare. He was sturdy and absolutely faithful to his liege lord, proud and obstinate, maybe, but a knight whose chastity (in those dissolute days) and whose courage have been the admiration of many generations. And

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in Chu-ko Liang he had the most notable strategist in all Chinese history. It was Chu-ko Liang who managed to bring about the defensive alliance with the eastern rival of Liu Pei; and then contrived to get the eastern army to do most of the work for both parties, under the promise to hand over certain cities of Central China to Sun Ch'üan when the deed should have been done; a promise made with many mental reservations. And it was Lu Su who was selected as ambassador from the East to claim the fulfilment of the promise.

The negotiations would need a lecture in itself adequately to describe them. The first line of defence adopted by Chu-ko Liang was that these cities had been the property of Liu Piao, deceased, and that Liu Pei (a yet nearer relative of the reigning Han monarchs) must for the present hold them in trust for the son and heir of the deceased proprietor. Then, on the death of that son and heir from dissipation, a series of other arguments for delay were brought forward, one after another. Such are the bare bones of the situation with which the straightforward Lu Su was confronted.

These prolonged negotiations are decidedly interesting—on the subjective side. As the Western reader of China's most famous historical novel, the *Three Realms*, in which they are described, turns over page after page, he is conscious of a mental process by which his feelings are divided between the two polite antagonists. As a Westerner, his moral sympathies lie with Lu Su, in whom he recognizes a statesman of a distinctly Western (I might almost say, British) type, with the strong points of an honourable Western ambassador, but with the weak points also, when confronted with an embodiment of Far Eastern diplomacy *in excelsis*. Then, as a citizen of the world at large, Asiatic sympathies come into play, and the reader assumes the position of an onlooker at a great chess-tournament. He consents to the moves made by Lu Su as being those which he himself would have made. And yet he cannot but admire the counter-moves by which Chu-ko Liang checks his opponent with consummate adroitness. Lastly, his admiration for the novelist who reconstructed the whole from his fertile brain, is of an unqualified order.

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Rightly have the Chinese called the *Three Realms* work their "foremost work of genius"; rightly have they regarded the Chu-ko Liang depicted therein as their inimitable strategist; and rightly, also, have they built and rebuilt the tomb of the straightforward ambassador Lu Su. The rise of statesmen of Lu Su's type in every land of the Far East would mean the lasting political salvation of the realms in question. Mere artifice, if of a clever order, may gain an immediate advantage, but in the end a diplomacy firm-based on universal Principle secures the greatest permanent gain for the nation, and the world at large.

Chung Tzŭ-ch'i, the sympathetic listener.

From the scenes of strife and intrigue which have hitherto formed the background of the previous narratives, our "meditations among the tombs," it is a relief to turn to a story of subdued and tender pathos, which has its monument to this day in a tomb on the southern side of the Saddle Hill to the west of Hanyang city; and another in a pavilion on the Moon Lake close to the Hanyang Iron Works.

For this story we must go back again to the Chou dynasty, toward the end of which we are introduced to a statesman named Yu Pe-ya, originally a native of the realm of Ts'ou, but holding high office in the northern State of Chin which was situate in the north-east of Honan and the southern half of Shensi. Chin and Ts'ou were then in a condition of mutual harmony, and to cement their harmonious relations Pe-ya was selected as ambassador to visit the king of his native realm. He was well received at the capital of Ts'ou (the modern city of Kingchow, which Liu Piao held in our second story, and whose fate Lu Su and Chu-ko Liang debated in our third). After being feasted royally there, and loaded with gifts, Pe-ya paid a hurried visit to his ancestral graves, and to what relatives and friends yet remained to him there. He elected to return by boat, a few miles down the Yangtse, and then up the Han river, whose course then took a more southward bend than it does now.

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During his first day on the Han, the fifteenth of the eighth moon, a fierce wind sprang up, accompanied by torrents of rain; and Pe-ya's boat took shelter by a wooded hill and anchored for the night. But autumn storms in this region are seldom long-lasting, and soon after sundown the wind dropped, the clouds parted, and the full moon shone forth. Now Pe-ya was a musician, with the seven-stringed harpsichord as his favourite instrument. (The harpsichord is the one sweet instrument in China, rarely heard nowadays, but well worth hearing when a skilful player touches its silken strings.) So he ordered his lad to light the incense-brazier and bring it out on deck, with his harpsichord. The incense was lit, and Pe-ya's robes adjusted, for of old in China music was regarded as an altogether sacred and celestial thing.

In that clear moonlight many an old recollection came to the mind of the traveller, and having adjusted the strings, his fingers drew forth from them a pathetic strain. When, all at once one of the strings snapped. Now it was a saying of those times that any unsympathetic listener to one's extemporizations will cause a string to snap,—a saying to be taken metaphorically. But Pe Ya took it literally for the moment, while he went in to fetch a new string.

"Go and search the bank," he said to his attendants, "and see who is there."

"Your Highness need not trouble," said a voice from the hilly bank. "It is not an unsympathetic listener that has been enjoying your music."

The attendants went on shore, and called out: "A mere wood-cutter! Get you gone!" But the young wood-cutter protested against being driven away.

"Is it likely," said Pe-ya, "that on a wild hillside there should be anyone capable of appreciating music?"

"As possible," said the voice on shore, "as that at the foot of the wild hillside there should be a skilled musician playing noble music."

Struck with this clever reply, Pe-ya said, half in sarcasm: "Then perhaps the gentleman on shore will tell me what sort of a melody I was playing."

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The voice replied: "The poem which you were rendering in musical notes, Sir, was that in which Confucius was bewailing the early death of his favourite disciple Yen Hui:

'Alas, Yen Hui, so soon to die!
My hair with grief is turned to grey.
Thy frugal joys, thy humble home—'

at this point your string snapped, but the fourth line is:

'Shall charm the ages yet to come.'"

Pe-ya was duly startled. Here in this rural spot was evidently a genius in seclusion, and he invited the young man on board.

Tzŭ-ch'i came across the plank, clad in straw cape and rain hat, with a hatchet stuck in his girdle and straw sandals on his feet. He took off his rain hat to display a blue cloth wrapped round his head; then his grass cape, under which was a cotton jacket bound by a white girdle. And thus he presented himself to the astonished gaze of the high statesman. With a mere rustic, as the lad seemed, it was hard to resume conversation. But at length, putting his dignity aside, Pe-ya questioned his guest, and found that when in his own mind he was thinking of hills as he played, Tzŭ-ch'i could see them rise before his eyes; and when he played water, Tzŭ-ch'i could see the torrent rushing headlong down. And as their conversation proceeded, Pe-ya discovered in Tzŭ-ch'i not only a studious scholar but one who could interpret his very heart, from the kinship of sympathetic affinity.

At length Pe-ya threw aside all reserve, told his attendants to prepare a wine-feast, and enquired all about the wood-cutter's life and prospects, adding: "Why should you vegetate and wither in this out-of-the-way place, when you might flourish as a scholar and a statesman?" Tzŭ-ch'i explained that his parents were both stricken in years, with no one but himself to provide for them. Indeed they could not do without him a single day. Thus he cut wood and sold it for them, and only at night had he time to study.

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Pe-ya's heart opened to this young man of twenty-seven, unmarried as well as hard-working because of his parents. A filial son of that description would make a noble brother, which, as Pe-ya realized it, led him to say:

"One's acquaintances may fill the earth, but a soul-comrade, a true heart-interpreter, is hard to find. And if I," he added tenderly, "may be linked with you in the firm bonds of sworn brotherhood, it will be an unspeakable boon." Then, seeing the young man's astonishment, he said almost pleadingly: "And if you imagine I regard such things as riches and poverty as barriers, what manner of man do you take me to be?"

So in spite of the young man's modesty, incense was added to the brazier and they twain went through the solemn ceremony which made them brothers for evermore. After this, they called each other by name, and conversed heart to heart until the moon declined in the west. Then, as Tzŭ-ch'i could not leave his parents to accompany Pe-ya, the latter promised to be on that spot again the evening of the next mid-autumn festival, the fifteenth of the eighth moon. Tzŭ-ch'i also promised to be there to meet him, without fail; and after Pe-ya had given Tzŭ-ch'i two ingots of silver wherewith to aid his parents and continue his studies, the two friends bade each other a lingering farewell.

A year passed, and Pe-ya was on the spot again, in fulfilment of his promise. He went out and stood on the deck. It was a calm and lovely evening. But there was no sign of Tzŭ-ch'i. Could he have broken his word? No, it was surely that the boat was a different one, and not alone in that anchorage. So Pe-ya had his harpsichord brought on deck and began to play. That would surely bring his friend. But still he came not. And Pe-ya passed a restless night. Rising at dawn he put on plain garments, and with his serving lad bearing his instrument behind him, went ashore to find Tzu-ch'i's native village, called Chi-hsien-ts'un, "Gathering-place of the Virtuous." The path divided to the east and the west, but no trace of a hamlet could be seen. An old man advanced, leaning on a staff, and of him Pe-ya made

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enquiries. There were two villages of that name, the old man explained, an upper and a lower one (which villages though called by modern names now, bear the ancient names over their entrances). Which of these did the gentleman mean? And then, at last, it transpired that the old man was none other than Tzŭ-ch'i's aged father. A further enquiry filled the old man's eyes with tears, as he sobbed out: "Last year, at this time, he was some distance away cutting wood, and after a heavy shower he met a statesman named Yu Pe-ya, who became attached to him and gave him two ingots of silver at parting. My son studied hard so as to be worthier of his great friend. Returning home with his heavy faggots, he would read far into the night, until he fell ill, and,—after some—months,—he—died."

At this, Pe-ya's feelings overcame him completely, but at length he recovered and heard that his brother's last wish was to be buried on the side of the hill where they twain had met, so that in death he might keep his promise. And so Pe-ya supported the old man thither.

A crowd of countryfolk collected around, and when Pe-ya commenced to tune his harpsichord to sing a dirge, they went off clapping their hands in merriment. Thus the two were left alone. And this was the dirge that Pe-ya sang:

"I recall the fond hopes of last year,
When my friend on the bank I met here;
I came back to seek him again,
I came back to seek him, in vain!
But a heap of cold earth do I find,
And sore is my sorrow-filled mind;
I came here with joy, with what grief do I go!
The hills and the waters are clouded with woe.
Tzŭ-ch'i! my lost Tzŭ-ch'i!
True as tried gold to me;
Beyond the heavenly shore
Thy voice I hear no more.
I sing thee my last song, my last,
The harpsichord's music is past."

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Then, taking a small knife from his girdle, he cut the silken strings, and lifting the instrument with both hands he put forth all his strength, and dashed it in pieces upon the grave.

Ever after that he ministered to Tzŭ-ch'i's aged parents as though they were his own.

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THE EARLY FRANCISCAN MISSION IN CHINA

BY

A. C. MOULE

In *The East and the West* for April, 1904 (pp. 121–142), there appeared an article by Bishop Collins on "The Early Franciscan Missions in China," of which the principal feature was the version of two letters from John of Monte Corvino and one from Andrew of Perugia, all of the early 14th century. This, like the earlier version by Sir H. Yule in *Cathay and the Way Thither* (new ed., vol. 3), was made from the Latin text printed by Luke Wadding in his *Annales Minorum* (2nd ed., vols. 6 and 7), a text which Wadding says he copied from the ancient MS chronicle which he had received from a friend (accepi ab amico M. S.). In July, 1914, the Royal Asiatic Society printed a better Latin text of the letters from a 14th century MS Chronicle in the National Library at Paris. Though this differs in many places from Wadding's text, the opinion was then expressed that the Paris MS might perhaps be the very book that Wadding or his friend had rather carelessly copied in the 17th century.

Early this year Professor Paul Pelliot kindly told me that Jerome Golubovich, O.S.F., had studied the Paris MS and

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published a collation of it with Wadding's text in 1913. I took the first opportunity of looking at Golubovich's article,[1] and found there more and better things than I had expected. For besides the Paris MS (the only one mentioned by any authority hitherto known to me) he describes two other copies of a similar Chronicle, one in the Chigi and the other in the Corsini library at Rome, and both (apparently)[2] containing the letters. The Chigi MS, Golubovich says, is the work of Alfonso Ceccarelli, a notorious forger of the 16th century, who seems to have drawn his material largely from the Paris MS.

To Golubovich must be given the credit of being the first to put on record the fact that this Chigi MS contains not only the three well-known letters, but also a previously undescribed letter from Peregrine, Andrew's predecessor as Bishop of Zaitun, dated 1318; but it would hardly be fair to students not to add that his reading of the Paris MS is sometimes mistaken, and that his account of the Chigi text (which he had not seen) is extraordinarily misleading. He states with great confidence that this text is identical with Wadding's (tutto questo passo è letteralmente identica nel Waddingo: identica è nel Wadd.) and as confidently infers that Wadding used this MS and not the Paris one. Through the wonderful kindness of Mr. J. A. Twemlow and the courtesy of the Librarian, photographs of all the letters from the Chigi MS have reached me, and the result of comparing them with Wadding is quite curiously different from what Golubovich was led to believe. This is not the place to go into critical details, but it may be said that Wadding differs from the Chigi text a great deal more than he does from the Paris, or in other words that the differences between the Chigi and the Paris text are three times as many as those between Wadding and the Paris text. At the same time Chigi changes the

(1) *Bio-bibliografica della Terra santa*, vol. II, 1913, pp. 116–142.

(2) Golubovich's summary of the contents of the Corsini MS does not mention the letters, though he says it is a copy of the Chigi MS made in 1586. Cf. Pertz, *Archiv*, tom. XII, 1872, p. 394.

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sense of the Paris text very little, but Wadding changes it seriously in several places, as for example when he makes John buy 150 boys instead of 40. The obvious and quite certain conclusion is that the copy which Wadding used was not that which is now in the Chigi Library.

I do not know exactly what the reasons for saying the Chigi MS is a forgery may be; but they appear to depend on certain points not easily verified at a distance, and may include, oddly enough, an emphatic statement by Wadding himself.[1] And while they are generally regarded as satisfactory, we must feel some doubt as to the genuineness of anything, like the letter of Bishop Peregrine, which is quite unsupported by other documents. This letter, in any case, seems to be worth translating. It is as follows:

"A Letter

"To the Fathers reverend in Christ, Brother N., vicar of the Minister General, and the rest of the Brothers of the Vicariate of the East, brother Peregrine appointed a bishop of poverty in another world, respect and greeting together with a longing for news from the world of believers. And if I and my companions had done like the Prodigal Son when we fled to a distant land like the rest, our fond mother Order ought at least to have remembered the sons whom she sent into unheard-of exile. For a mother's heart does not admit strict justice against a son. *and below:* I am a bishop though unworthy. *and below:* And the Father, Bishop Brother Andrew of Perugia and I reached Khanbalig (Peking). So I speak first of the Archbishop Brother John. His outward life is good, and hard, and rough. With regard indeed to that King George, it is certain that he converted him completely and laudably to the true faith, though formerly he mixed with the Nestorians. And the king himself converted on one day several thousands of his people; and if he had lived, truly we should have subjected his whole people and kingdom to Christ. And the conversion too of the Khan

(1) Wadding, *Script. Ord. Min.*, ed. 1806, pp. 134, 135.

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would have done great things. In fact before Brother John, the said Archbishop, came to the empire of the great Khan no Christian, of whatever sort or nation he might be, managed to be able to build, however small an oratory or to set up the sign of Christ, because of the power of the Nestorians who forbade it; and so they were obliged either to follow them in their schismatic and erroneous worship, or to take as it were the way of the unbelievers. But after Brother John came he built, God helping him, several Churches in spite of the Nestorians. And other Christian nations who hate the schismatic Nestorians have followed Brother John, and especially the Armenians, who are now building themselves a remarkable church which they mean to give to him. And so he too is continually with them and has left the Latin Church to other Brothers. Moreover, certain good Christians who are called Alani, receiving pay from the most great king for twenty thousand persons, themselves and their families have joined Brother John. And he supports them and preaches. Nor do we see [him ?]. And we are able to preach to these people and to minister the sacraments of the Church. In the quarters (*circa*) of the infidels indeed we can preach freely, and we have preached several times in the Saracens' mosque for their conversion. To the idolaters indeed in their great cities [we preach] in like fashion through the medium of two interpreters. Many come together and are greatly astonished and ask carefully about these things. And as a beginning has now been made we have good hope when we see the people intent on hearing and running to where we are preaching. We truly believe that if we had their tongues the wonderful works of God would appear. The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few, and with no sickle. For we are but a few brothers, and very old, and unable to learn languages. May God forgive those who hinder brothers from coming. Truly I believe that the enemy is doing this that we may not invade his empire which he holds unmolested. In Khanbalig there are the Archbishops (*sic*) and the Bishops, Brother Andrew of Perugia and Brother Peter of Florence. And in temporal things they have no lack; but in spiritual

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things I believe that they have never had so much, for the Holy Spirit entered with a rush into those two Bishops and they are occupied to so great an extent in prayer and holy meditation. And the Spirit of God who visits and comforts and encourages them so greatly that they seem to have forgotten all things[1] waiting on the Lord day and night in holy wakefulness. I, however, having been made Bishop of Zaitun (cayfensis), am able to be at leisure for God there with three devout Brothers in peace and quietness. And these servants of God, Brother John Grimaldi, Brother Emmanuel of Monticulo, and Brother Ventura of Sargana who was made a Brother in this country, who [are] well fortified in all goodness, God is honoured through them. Would that we had a hundred such with us! In the city of Zaitun (Cayton) we have a good church with a site, which a certain lady of Armenia left us, and assigned the necessaries of life for us and for others if they come. And outside the city we have a beautiful site where we wish to build cells and an oratory. We lack nothing else so much as the Brothers whom we long for. Brother Gerard the Bishop is dead, and we the other Brothers cannot live long; and others have not come. The Church will be left without baptism and without inhabitants. The news and circumstances of this great empire would not be believed if I wrote them, how great its power is, how large its armies, the breadth of the land, how great the income and expenses, how many charitable grants they make. Our Latin friends have compared it (eam!) to all the other kings of the earth. But I do not exaggerate. The vast city of Zaitun where we are is on the sea, and is almost three months journey distant from the great Khanbalig. Dated in Zaitun, 30 December, 1317."[2]

The question of the genuineness of this letter is of course independent of that of the book as a whole. The letter at

(1) Et spiritus dei qui eos visitat, et consolatur, et fouent in tantum quod omnium uidentur esse obliti.

(2) MS in the Chigi Library, Rome, I. VII. 262., fol. 102n°, 103°. The date is iii kal ian anno domini, 1318. Zaitun is Chiian-chou.

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least might be genuine though the book were a forgery. The date is a perfectly natural one, and the fact that a few lines lower down on the same page the same date (1318) is given by Andrew of Perugia, by a slip of the pen, as that of their first arrival at Khanbalig tends to disarm suspicion. And the contents of the letter are not altogether copied from the letters of John and Andrew, nor are the added facts impossible or improbable. On the other hand the dubious Latin style seems to be very much like that which is ascribed to Ceccarelli, and the fact that the letter has apparently escaped the notice of all the laborious historians of the Franciscan Order until the twentieth century is one which it is hard to explain. Nor, I think, can any trace of Peregrine's three devout companions at Zaitun be found in Wadding's voluminous *Annals*. So for the present the matter must rest. For about 350 years at least the letter has lain unheeded in a book which, whether forged or genuine, has preserved some genuine matter in an interesting form, and it will not perhaps be thought a waste of time or paper to have brought it at last to light.

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A CHINESE LEGEND

THE KAY HONG PASS

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. T. GAUNT

This is from a collection called Hsi Hu Chia Hwa Ku Chin I Chi (西湖佳話古今遺蹟), or Interesting Stories Ancient and Modern of the West Lake, published in six small volumes. As the title indicates, the stories all circle around the famous West Lake which lies outside the west wall of Hangchow, the capital of the province of Chekiang, and is known far and wide for its beauty.

Kay Hong (葛洪) is said to have died in the reign of Ch'eng Ti (A.D. 326–343), an emperor of the Eastern Tsin Dynasty.

What follows is not a translation, but is a free version in which the main outlines of the story have been adhered to, and some details filled in from what the writer read between the lines.

A storied lake lies glistening 'neath the slopes
That girdle ancient Wu-lin's[1] western bound :
And here of old a youth nursed modest hopes,
But lastly fame hath found.

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These circling hills have known his wandering feet,
    These far-famed scenes have held his ardent gaze;
And where th' immortal[2] fixed his pensive seat
    His name persists and stays.

* * *

Within a low-pitched cottage, cold and bare,
    Though sprung his house from noble ancestry,
Was born a bright-eyed child, surpassing fair,
    And cheerily lived the three.

But all too soon, alas! the humble joy
    Of that small circle turned to bitter moan;
Death paid a double visit, and the boy
    Was left behind alone.

Cared, or uncared for, by a kinsman old,
    The child lived on, nor lost his shining face;
And though but tattered rags his form enfold,
    'Tis full of strength and grace.

To fit this grace of form, he was endowed
    With winsomeness of soul, attuned to gauge
With comprehending eye the things that crowd
    On Nature's pictured page.

And early came upon him with full force
    The thirst divine for knowledge, which to slake
His penury allowed him no resource
    But what his toil could make.

So, ofttimes armed with bill-hook forth he fares
    To gather brushwood on the circling hills;
Thence laden to the city he repairs
    To test what Fortune wills.

His firing sold, the few poor coins he took
    And bought him writing tools—too few and poor
Were they, forsooth, to get him any book—
    Then hies him home once more:

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And there laboriously transcribed and conned
A borrowed book, and gleaning here and there
His letters slowly from the neighbours found,
No scholars though they were.

And oft while on the hills his knife he plies
He rests his busy hand and busy brain
(Revolving what he'd writ) and lets his eyes
Rove over hill and plain.

Below, he marked the silver mere which aye
Was touched with beauty, or in shine or cloud:
Like gems the islets on its bosom lay,
With verdure rich endowed.

If to the South High Peak[3] he chanced to fare
When Earth adorns herself to meet Spring Hours,
Mid bright azaleas he wandered there,
Or pale wisteria flowers.

In summer heat, each like a verdant targe,
The lotus leaves upon the Lake float light,
On each a liquid pearl, lustrous and large,
Mid crimson buds and white.

Ruddy the tallow trees and maples show
What time the northern geese these haunts first seek:
And ruddy red the sunset's afterglow
Over the North High Peak.[3]

When winter clouds let fall their downy load,
And yield place to th' irradiating sphere,
The steel-blue wave its mountain rampart showed
In double, pure and clear.

Thus the fair pageant of the Seasons rolled
In ceaseless round before his eager gaze;
And earth and air their rhythmic numbers told,
Changing with changing days.

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And thus through ten long years he laboured on,
With varied lore of ancient tomes his powers
Maturing, and with gentle benison
Drawn from the hills and flowers;

And moulded by the subtle influence
Of lake and sky, when clouds of glory form,
Or pierced by glittering stars, or 'neath the dense
Impenetrable storm:

Till now a finished scholar is revealed,
A' cultured princely man,[4] and modest too,
Who deemed himself unfit to take the field
And carry off his due.

And then it chanced upon a day in spring
The Prefect of Nan-hai respite did take
From cares official, and a few friends bring
To view the gleaming Lake.

Up the Dark Hill[3] they clomb, and on the slope
Drank wine, and old-time courtesies exchanged:
Then broken into twos and threes the group
Over the hill-tops ranged.

Followed by one companion, from the rest
The Prefect roamed dispart, and came to where
A few lone pines thrust forth a shaggy crest
Fretting the sunlit air.

Beneath their sombre shade a white rock gleamed,
On which he saw the Scholar crouching low,
Who lost in steadfast contemplation seemed,
So large his eye and slow.

"To judge," quoth he, "from air of cultured ease
Yonder's a scion of an honoured line."
The two drew near, and stood beneath the trees:
The Scholar gave no sign.

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The Prefect spoke: then to perception brought
Of others' presence, hastily he stood,
Before his elder bowed, and pardon sought
For this his absent mood.

"Truly I was neglectful," spoke the youth,
"Absorbed in marking how the shimmering green
That clothes these hills, appears to float in sooth
The earth and air between."

Charmed was the Prefect with his words, not less
Than with his aspect, and to all he said
Disclaiming scholar's privilege or place,
He gravely shook his head;

And craved his name and dwelling place to learn:
Whilst courteous converse passed betwixt the pair
His shrewd old eyes could genuine worth discern
Beneath a modest air.

And thus they parted, soon to meet again;
For he full many a day had sought to find
A youth of parts like this, of fertile brain
And open, generous mind,

To wed his child, the dark-haired Hidden Light:
And soon he sent his messengers to treat
Of this alliance, nor the Scholar might
Decline the honour meet.

And now 'twere long to tell the story how,
Taught by this Prefect sage, he stored his mind
With arts beneficent, from which might flow
Relief to human kind.

He learnt the healing virtues stored in herbs,
To make a salve, or potion to infuse,
Wherewith the leech depressing ailments curbs,
And blithesome health renews.

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He travelled far: sagaciously he ruled
    Wide districts over which they gave him charge;
His justice tempering, by mercy schooled,
    With sympathy full large.

A name had he as healer, ruler, friend;
    And verging now to lowest ebb life's tide,
His residue he sought retired to spend,
    All office laid aside.

He craves a resting place congenial,
    Where contour of the hills, and water's flow
Are blent in influences reciprocal,
    And gentle breezes blow,

Where he may stablish his last earthly seat,
    And still his kindly benefactions urge;
Still on his lofty themes may meditate,
    Unto the river's verge.

And so he searched in cities old and fair,
    Urging his quest through many a province wide,
But found not that contentment anywhere
    For which his spirit sighed,

Until his foot once more his native soil
    Pressed near to ancient Wu-lin's western bound;
And where his earliest days encountered toil
    Repose his latest found.

Above the blue eye of the tranquil mere,
    On this low hill, he made his latest home,
And spent his days in contemplation here
    Until his hour should come—

In contemplation only broken through
    To rescue the distressed, or aid poor men;
And then such marvels was he wont to do
    As passed all human ken.

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One day when now his four-score years he 'd passed
By other four, hour after hour he sate,
In semblance held by contemplation fast
Until the day grew late :

But when they sought to break his reverie
Behold! they only found beneath their hands
The empty casket of a soul set free
From all its earthly bands.

Then the last marvel of this Wondrous One—
They raised his frame, and found it light as air ;
Sure proof that an Immortal just had run
His course among them there.

And now the Kay Hong[5] pass that looks upon
The gleaming water bears th' Immortal's name,
And while the ringing centuries roll on
Echoes his lasting fame.

NOTES :

(1) Wu-lin is an ancient name for Hangchow.

(2) The Chinese have an idea that some men by ability and training can become members of a race of genji or immortals, possessed of wonderful powers.

(3) South High Peak, North High Peak, Dark Hill, are the names of hills in the semicircle about the Lake on the south and west.

(4) There is much in the Chinese Classics about the qualities and training of the superior or princely man.

(5) 萬嶺. The Chinese title of the story is 萬嶺仙蹤.

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SOME MORE OF HWAI-NAN-TSZ'S IDEAS

BY

PROFESSOR E. H. PARKER

Mr. E. T. C. Werner's learned friend Hu Shih, whose views on Mourning Rites Reform are detailed in the June number of the *New China Review*, finds himself supported in places by Hwai-nan-tsz 2,000 years ago. In his 13th chapter that royal philosopher remarks that "Sacrifices are only ideal, and no one believes that the spirits actually eat the offerings." Again in his 14th chapter he remarks that "the Emperor's soul is superior to his body; his bones are buried, but we sacrifice to his *manes* in the Hall of the Immortals" (祀其鬼神於明堂之上). He has a great deal more in the way of criticism to say from a practical and political point of view about the earlier philosophers than he has about what may be called their religious philosophy. He says, for instance, that formalities and clothes form no part of nature, and even the savage-born children become what you teach them to be; and by way of illustration he contrasts two rival "classical" ways of regarding parents, whether as friends or as majesties, in attending to their natural wants; in any case peace time only, with its plenty, is consonant with the luxury of ceremony; during the anxious times of war we must unceremoniously shift as best we can; for instance, the founder of

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the late imperial dynasty (1122–255 B.C.) was born to a father fifteen years old, that is, long before the proper ceremonial time of marriage: our bodies may be compared to the compasses of events,[1] which must be true if the circle of life they purport to describe is to be correct; but laws are of little avail without good manners, and it will not do as a general thing to save time and trouble at the cost of what is right. That, however, was the bone of contention that finally separated the philosopher Meccius (Mêh-tsz) from the ideals of Confucius, whose meticulosity led in Meccius' opinion to the waste of time and the impoverishment of the masses. It is quite plain from his scattered remarks that in our philosopher Hwai-nan-tsz's time (2,040 years ago) Confucius and Meccius were still on terms of equality in the world of letters or *literae humaniores;* for instance, he observes that, while some of the greatest of our generals and of our diplomats[2] may have been inferior in general insight to Confucius and Meccius, still, they alone could put up a bold front in imposing their views upon crowned heads and their armies. On the other hand it must not be forgotten that the greatest country must suffer if there is no justice and perish altogether if there is no sense of right, just as the bravest captain must fail if not honestly inspired.[3] Good should be done from the secrecy of the heart rather than from inelastic principle, and four historical instances are given of rulers who ultimately lost their thrones through over stickling for "principles"; there was no such fuss made when Shun and Yü[4] died, and as a matter of fact life would be very tolerable even now without any forms or ceremonies at all. As matters stand we find Meccius adversely criticizing Confucius, Yang-tsz [the

(1) *Cf.* Milton, "He took the golden compasses . . . to circumscribe this universe."

(2) Wu K'i, B.C. 400, a Chinese Hannibal and Cæsar combined. Chang I, a century later, a sort of Chinese Machiavelli and Talleyrand combined.

(3) *Cf.* Thrice blessed is he that hath his quarrel just.

(4) The last two Emperors of the elective or pre-dynastic periods, who reigned 2255–2197 B.C.

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Epicurean] criticizing Meccius, and Meccius criticizing Yang-tsz. Who is right?

For the present we shall leave the subject of Hwai-nan-tsz's comparatively recent models to examine how far he and they owed his and their inspirations to the earliest practical philosopher of all, namely Kwan-tsz, whose concrete views upon the fluid or ultra-ancient *tao* undoubtedly "set the pace" for all future contests with a view to solidification. His 7th and 8th chapters may be roughly compared with what Kwan-tsz had to say five or six centuries earlier upon the subject of chaos, the seasons, "unfledged" nature, and so on; those of us Christians who in genuine good faith think they do really derive scientific information from the first two chapters of Genesis may succeed in doing the same vicariously on behalf of the Chinese from what Kwan-tsz says and Hwai-nan-tsz repeats: we prefer to "pass on to the order of the day." But in chapter 9 it seems plain that all the talk about the "impersonality" of rule, punishing without anger, rewarding without bias, the sufferer not harbouring resentment at having to bear the responsibility for his prince's faults, the favoured one not evincing abject gratitude for what he has fairly earned, the possibility of ruling effectively without ever leaving the house or seeing a single object, the existence of a ruler's *tao* as contrasted with the *tao* of the ruled,—all this proves on the one hand how Hwai-nan-tsz had Kwan-tsz[1] in mind, and on the other hand how Kwan-tsz must have inspired Lao-tsz also; in fact Kwan-tsz and Yen-tsz (his ministerial successor a century later) are twice mentioned by name together in this chapter, shewing that the historian Sz-ma Ts'ien's well-known combination "Kwan-Yen" as a qualifier of high statesmanship was probably derived from a diligent perusal of Hwai-nan-tsz. The 9th chapter contains many other traces of Kwan-tsz's wide influence; for instance (taken in order of sequence for convenience of reference), the insistence

(1) See the article on Kwan-tsz in the June issue of this year (p. 248).

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on a benevolent rule,[2] the cruel contrast between the lavishness of the rich and the grinding poverty of the masses; the differing ways of a stupid ruler and a clever ruler; the necessity of there being no distinction of persons in administering the law, the *art* of ruling (執術而御之); failing which last the prince may be compared to the big fish that got stranded in the shallows while trying "on his own" to swallow the boat, and was thus himself a victim to swarms of ants: no! a ruler must *use* his subjects to achieve common ends; on the other hand a faithful servant may occasionally err on the side of sycophancy, as when the cook of Kwan-tsz's duke served up his own eldest son in order to gratify his master's yearning for a dinner of young veal or lamb; this of course was carrying the divinity that doth hedge a king principle too far. Then we have Kwan-tsz's injunction to put by three years' store of grain out of every nine; his comparison with the heart and the nine orifices; the insistence that true sport always spares the suckling and the fledgeling, even in the case of very young sucking-pigs; the People are the State's harvest, and the State is the Prince's harvest (本), just as food is the people's harvest; in other words season, production, labour, *i.e.*, heaven, earth and man; all in turn and combination.

In the 10th chapter Kwan-tsz and Peh-li-hi (Mayers' *Manual*, 547) are mentioned together; the latter was originally, like Kwan-tsz, an inter-state trafficker in cattle—apparently a State occupation as in Sumer and Akkad, except that in China it was an overland trade and not one carried on by canal and river. Just as Kwan-tsz's wisdom led his master of Ts'i (modern Shantung) to be First Grand Protector (霸 or 伯) of the Emperor, *i.e.*, of the Emperor's domain, China, so did Peh-li-hi's wisdom lead to his master of Ts'in (modern Shen Si) becoming Second Grand Protector on the First's

(1) The Italians still freely use in novels and in colloquial speech the term *vuol bene* or "wish well" in the senses of "charitable," "lovers' love," and "kind at heart"; vuol-bene is simply bene-volent or "well-wishing"; there is nothing namby-pamby about it.

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death in 643 B.C.; and then, after a struggle of 400 years for predominance with Tsin (modern Shan Si) and with Ts'u (China south of the Yang-tsz) at last to the total abolition of the old feudalism by Ts'in. There were really no other effective Great Powers beyond these four.

In Chapter 11 Hwai-nan-tsz quotes Kwan-tsz's identical words about the necessity of every man and every woman doing work for the State, labour being at the same time productive and honest, the gentry being upright, the officials reasonable and the laws unirritating; there would be no need for a Confucius or [his expositor] a Tsêng-tsz in these circumstances, whilst on the other hand ten Kwan Chungs [*i.e.*, Kwan-tsz] would be of no avail to cure general corruption. At the same time in a statesman's practical phiiosophy the ostentatious self-denying virtue of some of our ancient models would be downright silly when taken from a Kwan-tsz and Yen-tsz point of view, whilst the same ancient models would consider those two philosophers to be time-servers and opportunists.[1] Various incidents of Kwan-tsz's career and several of his sayings lead Hwai-nan-tsz up in the 12th and 13th chapters to the general summary "moral courage is the thing, and, in a way, *toutes les vices sont respectables.*" In the 15th chapter Kwan-tsz's *divide et impera* and general disciplinary notions are or seem to be carefully developed, but he is never once quoted; we are simply left to infer: in one place (16th chapter) there is an allusion to two rival beauties of the 5th century B.C. which also appears in the 11th chapter of Kwan-tsz; this is one of the glaring instances which prove that parts of Kwan-tsz's "book" at least were not only reconstructed centuries after his death (7th century), but are modern gloss pure and simple. Hwai-nan-tsz's definitions of spiritual Emperor (*Ti*), the king (*wang*), and the Protector (*pa*) in the 20th chapter savour of Kwan-tsz, as also his dictum "Where *tao* reigns successfully there need be few

(1) Kwan-tsz agreed for glory to serve a forgiving prince whom he had wounded in battle (以小辱成大榮), whilst Yen-tsz, a sarcastic cripple, was a "good fellow" (善與人交) according to Confucius, but "Admiral Fisher-like" in dress and deportment according to Yang-tsz.

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laws" and *vice versa*: perfect statesmen and princes are rare enough even taken *apart*, but they are not likely to be found *together* more than once in a thousand years; for instance Wên Wang, the founder of the dynasty (in the 13th century B.C.) was lucky in having the assistance of his relatives and friends T'ai-kung and Shao-kung, whilst Duke Hwan (the first Protector) was equally lucky in having the coöperation of Kwan-tsz and Sih-p'êng.[1] Kwan-tsz was sad at the abasement of the imperial house and the prospect of Tartars and other barbarians overpowering China; it was for this reason that he suffered the humiliation of being caged as a prisoner and handed over to the uncertain mercies of the reigning prince he had wounded in battle,—solely in order that he might live to advise that prince as a friend and save China. It is remarkable that Kwan-tsz's *book* is spoken of by Hwai-nan-tsz as the *result* of China's anxieties (故管子之書生焉), from which we must accept the view that some sort of book (*i.e.*, probably bamboo slats strung together and inscribed in the clumsy ancient script) had been known some centuries before the Ts'in dynasty, say in B.C. 200, simplified the style of writing, and still longer before the Han dynasty, say in B.C. 100, took to rapid scribbling with brush and ink upon silk.

On the whole Hwai-nan-tsz does not seem to have been much impressed by Confucius and Mencius, "who were no self-denying hermits to go groping about in a jungle"; one may know all about nature (萬物), but the proper study of mankind is man (不知人道不可謂智). One of Confucius' sayings quoted might have come from Goethe (其人正不令而行其人不正雖令不從), *Ein guter Mensch, in seinem dunkeln Drange, ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewusst.* Opportunity is everything: if Confucius (孔丘) and Meccius (墨翟) had been in the position of Emperors (天子), they would have influenced the minds of millions of scholars instead of a few disciples.

鮑叔, for some reason not much mentioned in later history, and not at all in Mayers' *Manual;* as a matter of fact, the dying Kwan-tsz recommended him in preference to his own faithul patron Pao-shuh (鮑叔).

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Hwai-nan-tsz points out that for some years after the destruction of the feudal system, the First Emperor's attempt to annihilate history and philosophy, and the establishment of the Han dynasty, "rich clothes, smart sashes, and arguments upon the rival merits of Confucius and Meccius were looked upon as degenerate (不貴), until peace was firmly restored." Although Hwai-nan-tsz's grandfather, the founder of the Han dynasty, out of policy visited Confucius' tomb in 195 B.C., he had in his heart the greatest contempt for "writing fellows," and was in the habit of showing his contempt for the modern specimens of them by using their formal hats for "necessary" purposes; of course Hwai-nan-tsz does not mention this unpleasant little circumstance—in fact he is remarkably chary of making any personal remarks about his own relatives, in fact (聖主在上位), our gracious Emperor upon the Throne appears to be the solitary instance where he mentions them at all. He tells a curious story about Confucius' horse straying into a cornfield and being held for compensation; the abject apology offered by one of the disciples sent to rescue the horse only infuriated the rustic more; Confucius said:—"There's no use talking like that. I, not he, am to blame:" so he sent his groom with the following message:—"Your fields, Sir, seem to extend from far east to far west, in such wise that my poor horse lost his bearings and began to devour your corn." The rustic was delighted at this polite and dignified speech and at once let the horse go. Hwai-nan-tsz indicates, however, a few errors in taste both in Confucius' revised History and in his revised Rites and Ceremonies. It was not until A.D. 1 (120 years after Hwai-nan-tsz's death) that Confucius was officially recognized as a national saint.

As to Confucius' great rival, the courageous soldier philanthropist Meccius, Hwai-nan-tsz gives some interesting details of his life not usually found in general literature; for instance (學儒者之業愛孔子之術) he studied polite literature and liked Confucius' way of looking at it,—which illustrates how *ju* did not originally mean "Confucianism," but *literae humaniores*. This soldier-diplomat's experiences

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and travels convinced him that rites and funeral prodigality impoverished the poor and did positive harm (害事); hence he abandoned the general tone of the effete ruling dynasty and harked him back to the principles of the first (hereditary) dynasty (背周道用夏政); this statement is particularly interesting in view of Mr. Arthur Morley's discussion in the June *New China Review* upon the chronology of the Bamboo Annals. Mr. Liang K'i-ch'ao, who kindly presented the writer with four volumes of his miscellaneous studies, goes very deeply into the question of Meccius' life and philosophy.

Several stories from the philosopher Han Fei-tsz's works are given, but he does not appear to be much criticized or mentioned by name, if at all. The same remark may apply to the philosopher Sün-tsz. A good many eccentric and pungent anecdotes are taken from the Taoist philosopher Chwang-tsz, who is frequently mentioned by name; that he was considered a Taoist of the then still modern or Lao-tsz brand is evident from the expression "views of Lao-tsz and Chwang-tsz" (老莊之術): the last character 2,000 years ago was often used in the sense of "school," "art" or "religion"; it is the Japanese attempt at *djut*, as in the well-known *jujitsu* or *dju-djutsu*, "the gentle art (of self-defence)." There was a certain Chinese Dr. Johnson, whose wit and repartee were more famous even than his notorious five cartloads of books (say 20 or 30 of our paper volumes, not more); his name was Hwei Shi or Hwei-tsz, 惠施 or 子, and he was a great friend of Chwang-tsz, who on Hwei-tsz's death "would speak no more." A good many things in Hwei-nan-tsz are manifestly taken from Lieh-tsz, but only in the last chapter or summary do the actual words "Lieh-tsz says" (列子曰) seem to occur. The ancient classics are only sparingly quoted in our author; chiefly the Odes; then the Changes; next the Springs and Autumns; the Rites scarcely at all (as a book). The interesting statement is made that the first character in the sentence 閔其無人 (from the Changes) is generally misunderstood (*i.e.*, 2,000 years ago), and really means "there is no one there *to manage* things."

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Some of Hwai-nan-tsz's ethical sayings (possibly not all original) are interesting: for instance, "Truth is not a matter of rank" (*cf.* Burns' "The rank is but the guinea-stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that"). Again, "Don't bore a hole in your throat so long as you breathe at all." "Bother small virtues, seek great ends;" this would have pleased Admiral Fisher. "Prevention best, anyhow nip evil in the bud." "Small beginnings often have big endings." "Modern shams cause us to cover up ugliness as beauty, and to try getting out of wrong by pretending it is right." "Those who can secure men's approval can also secure their own; conquer yourself first; be true to yourself." "Order is based on peace, peace on plenty, plenty in acquiring at the proper time." "Not forcing matters is based on 'letting things be' for a while, which again is based upon economy of use, which once more is based upon calmness and moderation: it is not out of love for the timber and metal that one should refrain from showy expense: indulgence should not be too free." "There are many cases recorded in history where bluff is justifiable." "Do good secretly." "Benevolence," he goes on to say, "must not be confused with justice: Shun executed his younger brother Siang (象) and Chou Kung executed two of his elder brothers; yet both were kind-hearted rulers; on the other hand there are instances in history where rulers have ruined themselves by their over-adherence to reiterated 'principles'" (仁義儒墨). "Punishments disappear if you are humane (愛人), and anarchy disappears if you show tact." "The greatest state must perish if there is no justice, and the bravest man must suffer if not kind; as for instance in the case of Chī-peh (智伯) (453 B.C.), whose tail was too big for his loins, who coveted territorial acquisitions without any kind or just considerations so that the great state of Tsin, after centuries of Protectorship and predominance, was ultimately divided into three separate states." Spying upon each other may be justifiable when it is a case of catching thieves, but query the morality of it in friendship (和睦之心)." Two well-known historical incidents are here related of the first Protector, Ch'ung-êrh (重耳), better

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known as Duke Wên (文公) of Tsin, who to everyone's surprise, when he ultimately came to the throne of Tsin, gave a higher place in his counsels to a man who had consistently but unsuccessfully held out for right than to a more politically successful man who was merely clever. On the other hand Confucius' praise of a ruler who carried his gallantry so far as to refrain from attacking an enemy whilst crossing a troublesome river, and thus lost a great battle, is condemned as carrying things to a foolish extreme; and even Wu Wang, founder of the imperial dynasty 1122 B.C., cannot be fairly characterized as a loyal subject (忠臣), though he may well have been a considerate ruler (惠君). In a word whilst making wise statesmanship (智術) your ideal aim (法), do not let your action (行) degenerate into taking a mean advantage (儉利). These discussions of outstanding historical incidents by Hwai-nan-tsz might be multiplied indefinitely, but for the foreign student thoroughly to appreciate them a fairly sound knowledge of history (since 841 B.C. when it really begins) is desirable. The lessons range from vague t aditions to suppressed truths like our own King Alfred and the cakes and King George the Fourth's Catholic marriage, and it must be remembered that these definite practical lessons have done as much to form the Chinese political and ethical character as the too often inane vacuities of rival philosophers.

Turning now to the more corporeal subject of natural history, we find many droll quips, chiefly to be found (in the order here given) in the final chapters. "An eagle's splendid eyes don't sleep so well as a rat's, nor can a millipede progress so rapidly as a snake." "A tortoise is said to live 3,000 years, and that is probably why he is used in oracles." "Playfulness and anger are feelings as common to all animals as to ourselves." "Animals may lack speech, but wild beasts, etc., know when to conceal or show their claws, etc." Charles Lamb's story of the Chinaman's roast porker is paralleled by Hwai-nan-tsz's anecdotes about destroying a house to catch a wild-cat or digging up a room cellar to find a rat. It is interesting to see the *têh* (德), which we usually translate "virtue," also used in the sense of a drug's virtue,

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or an animal's "natural qualities"; it is even more interesting to notice that the little-known philosopher Shi Kien (史 鞬) (commonly known as Wên-tsz (文 子), from whom our author here loosely borrows, really uses the word *tĕh* (得) in the sense of the natural "qualities"; and the still more remarkable thing is that in modern colloquial the mutual infiltration of these two rival *tĕh* can be traced, as, for instance, in 計 之 得 or 策 之 得. The peculiarity known to us as hare-lip is said to be originally caused and thus propagated by an enceinte woman's having been suddenly startled by a hare jumping from its form. "A puppy dog may stand on its hind legs, but he cannot walk" reminds us of Dr. Johnson's dog, "the wonder, Sir, is not that he can do it well, but that he can do it at all." "Exceptions in nature do not alter nature, we may have frost in summer and lightning in the depth of winter." There is an interesting discussion upon lice and fleas, chinche-bugs, etc., and the various forms of metempsychosis; about cures for snake-poison and so on. The magpie fears the wind and moves the nest to a lower branch: this observation has already appeared under the head of *tao*, and as a lesson is somewhat like the story of the valetudinarian who by his abstemious habits and love of fresh air successfully maintained a youth's complexion till past the age of seventy, but unfortunately he at last stumbled across a hungry tiger in the woods and was devoured: this anecdote is taken from Chwang-tsz, who perhaps also tells Hwai-nan-tsz's tale of his name-sake Duke Chwang (8th century B.C.) who was so impressed by the bravery of a praying-mantis in resenting the approach of his threatening chariot-wheel, that he respectfully turned his mount aside with the remark: "If this creature had been a man, he would have made for me a gallant general in the field." Another saying: "If you are unsuccessful with your rod, it is not because there are no fish in the river, it is probably because you do not *please* the fish by employing the suitable bait." Animals and men, he repeats, have exactly the same passions, and the only reason why the former are subordinate to the latter is that the former have not discovered the art of speech. Imagination or "suggestion" may

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have strange effects upon the human machine. For instance a man of Ts'u (*i.e.*, South China) once served up what they supposed was the usual dog's-flesh soup to his guests (dogs were generally fancied and eaten in those days), but when they had partaken with relish he informed them that it was monkey, on which the guests all began to vomit; in the same way a song purporting to have been a favourite of a celebrated actor became exceedingly popular with young bloods until the discovery was made that the popular hero never sang it at all, on which everyone discarded it as worthless. "Trees show signs of coming wind and both birds and fish harbinger the weather: cows and horses breed lice and fleas but lice and fleas do not breed horses and cows, for metamorphic life must have a living basis and cannot be created from the outside,"—a hint for Dr. Bastian and Sir E. Ray Lankaster, who may perhaps be able to explain what is meant by the ant-dragon (蛟) crouching in the deep whilst its eggs 割於陵, which seems to mean "split mountains": even distinguished naturalists may get an occasional wrinkle from the empiricism of 2,000–3,000 years ago. "Each creature does his natural work in his own way; follow nature; meet all desires; a cock crows for us, beasts of burden carry for us; eggs need hatching,[1] and silk finds human aid indispensable; so, then, do men need education. One kind of cocoon is only *allowed* to be bred once in a year, otherwise it would spoil the mulberry. Darnel is weeded out though it ripens before rice"; that is, no small gains should count against great interests.

(1) Anyone who has been familiar with Canton life has seen the "hatching houses" which produce millions of chickens, and the duck-breeding boats whence thousands of ducks walk the plank at fixed hours to feed on tons of maggots (I won't say how or from what the maggots are produced).

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CHINESE LIFE ON THE TIBETAN FOOTHILLS

BY

THE REV. J. HUTSON

(*Concluded*)

BOOK VII—PLAUSIBLE PRETENTIONS

(扯謊場) THE LIARS' MART (天話街), *T'ien hua chieh*

The above name is applied to the Yamen or temple courtyards or any place where there is concourse of people, and where the fortuneteller, geomancer, physiognomist, sorcerer and witch doctors have their stands. To try and follow these men into all the intricacies of their dark and crooked ways is impossible. It will be our plan to find out what they pretend to accomplish, under what pretences they obtain a living and how the people are fleeced by them. They are divided into classes; the first to mention is the business of the Startler, *Ching shêng i* (驚生意), under which the following take their places :—

The *ts'ê tzŭ* (測字) tells fortunes by dissecting characters and putting them together again.

Suan ming (算命), the fortuneteller. This class differs from the former in that it may pretend to define a whole life,

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while those who dissect characters generally confine themselves to one particular matter. The fortunetellers are divided into two schools, one called the *chang chang tzŭ* (張張子), who tells a person's fortune and gives it to his client in writing; the other is known as the *t'ieh pan suan* (鐵板算), who are mostly blind, who after hearing the client tell the fortune *viva voce*.

P'u kua (卜卦) is to forecast future events by means of the eight diagrams, to divine.

K'an hsiang (看相). The physiognomist makes the book *Liu chuang shên hsiang* (柳莊神相) by Shui Ching of the Han dynasty, or the *ma i* (麻衣) *hsiang* by Ch'ên Tuan of the Sung dynasty the basis of his art.

The following are some of the things they pretend to be able to do:—

They guarantee that their clients will get by raffle the funds of the joint stock company. Several people join in a company when they want to get a larger sum together than they could otherwise do at one time, but by paying in monthly instalments they can manage it. The fund is raffled for each month at the home of one of their number. Some families who want the money quickly appeal to this class for assistance to get the lucky number.

They undertake the protection of a family from demons and snakes. They also fix the site of a dwelling house, the choice of a lucky day to begin building, and the lucky day for hoisting the top beam of the house.

They fix a lucky day for funerals, marriages and almost everything, by an appeal to the stars. Each day has a governing star and they decide whether the day star agrees with the birth star of the individual. This is one of the most common of the methods of fixing a lucky day, and it is done by what is known as the *fa chia*, one of the schools of geomancy.

They fix a lucky day by what is known as an appeal to the three things which harmonize; that is, heaven, earth, and man. This method is known as the *hsing chia* (形家), or

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k'an yii (堪 輿) *chia*, and is another of the schools of geomancy.

Wu ho (合) and *liu ho*. They tell fortunes by an appeal to the five elements, gold, wood, water, fire and earth, or by an appeal to the four points of the compass with the zenith and nadir. These methods are used by fortunetellers and geomancers.

They contract for the bringing of a lunatic to his right mind.

They arrange for the removal of a ghost from a house. If houses have uncanny sounds or have the reputation of being haunted or are troubled with snakes, insects or other vermin, the geomancer fixes a lucky day and invites a sorcerer to assist him drive out the pests or ghosts.

Divining by copper cash is called *Wên Wang kua*. On the side of the cash are Chinese characters, that side is known as *ma tzŭ* (麻 子). The side with Manchu characters is known as the *mo êrh* (末 兒). Three cash are used and the count kept as to how many *ma tzŭ* or *mo êrh* show in six throws of the coins.

Mei hua shu (梅花數), to divine by whatever the divining person may carry in the hand or on the person is known as *sui chi ying pien* (隨機應變), to answer as occasion demands.

They also divine by the use of the six *jên* (壬) or combinations in the sexagenary cycle; by this method it is said that they can find out the name, dwelling place and likeness of a thief and where he has hidden the stolen goods, and other necessary details.

There is a method of divining invented by Shao K'ang-chieh of the Han dynasty. It was largely prophetic and dealt with the future of the country. Though this method is still used, few if any are able to understand it fully.

Ch'i mên tun chia (奇門遁甲), to divine by an appeal to the stars. This method is generally used in connection with prophetic prognostications.

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Divining by the use of dominos is a method used to fix the dates for marriages, to find lost articles or a lost relative, or when wealth may be obtained.

The Itinerant Vendor

Pedlars sell spirit charms from such idols as the Ling kwan and the T'ien shih ; both are to prevent or to heal diseases.

They sell the spirit cat which is the figure of a cat painted on paper with the charm 勅令, *chih ling*, written on it. Also the pictures of Chung K'uei 鍾馗, which ward off demons. He was a scholar of the T'ang dynasty. Scholars take his pictures to the examination boxes to keep away demons during the examinations.

They also sell pictures of the hills and valleys, of flowers and bamboos (generally as scrolls), of various birds and animals, also a well-known set of four Chinese pictures of fisherman, woodman, farmer and student.

Imitations of ancient styles of writing are also hawked about.

Mai hsin wên is the news vendor. Sometimes the news is purely of an idolatrous and superstitious nature, at others it is political and agitating.

Chu-ko Liang is believed to have written a number of prophetical sayings, which he had engraved on stone slabs and buried ; every now and then one of these is reported to have been dug up and the inscription printed in cheap book form and sold as reliable news. There is an unlimited supply of words and examples from the lives of eminent men printed and sold, as well as stories of the efficacious and healing power of the idols, or how these idols meted out retributions to the wicked, or prescribed a medicine to stop a plague.

Another work sold is the prophetical utterances of the celestials as contained in the *Kuen Yin ching* or the *T'ai Yang ching*.

Others sell *ch'uan su ko* (勸俗歌), ballads which exhort the people against gambling, wine and fornication, or illustrated booklets which describe the evils of opium.

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ITINERANT BUDDHIST AND TAOIST PRIESTS, *Hsing chueh sêng* (行脚僧), and *Yu fang tao* (游方道)

It is commonly said that this class of persons will surely find some way of taking revenge if offended. It is also said that all the physiognomists belong to the palliative business and the palliatives come under the priests' rule. Their method of going round the country preying on the feelings and superstitions of the people is called by themselves "repairing the viscera temple" (修五臟廟). While doing this the priest goes from door to door and distributes his cards and a little later he comes back to collect the money from each house.

Mendicant priests go round the streets with a note-book and take the names of those who give subscriptions. Or they may sell pills at a high price, the profits going to the priesthood. A band of mendicant priests, seven or eight in number, will go through the streets, one carrying the idol, another the burning incense, singing, while another attends to the music, leaving the remainder to look after the collecting of money; some people give large sums to this class as a good speculation.

One class of priest often carries a kneeling-mat and a whip for driving away demons and wears a high crowned hat made of human hair and a yellow robe, which, when spread out, does for a sleeping coverlet. The sandals on his feet denote that he is a pilgrim, the staff in his hand is to beat the unruly; at one end of it is fixed a little spade with which he buries any unclean thing.

THE NINE STARTLERS (九驚), *chiu ching*

The first is *Mang Tzŭ* (蟒子) *ching*, the blind man who plays the guitar and tells fortunes. Next, *Liu* (流) *liu ching*, the rambling fortuneteller who bears a bamboo clapper and goes through the streets seeking for work. *Tsui* (嘴) *tzŭ ching*, uses a bird of some kind to pick out a character from a box with which character he divines for his clients. *To* (朵) *to ching* divines from a character picked out by the client

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himself. The *Tai* (帶) *tsŭ ching* is a fortune teller who carries the characters and explanation already written on his person. The *P'ing* (平) *ching* is a fortuneteller who sets up his stand and speaks about his trade and attracts customers. The *Lo* (擸) *ching* sings, and the *Hai* (海) *tsŭ ching* plays the harp as they practise their arts. The *Hua* (花) *hua ching* is a female fortuneteller.

PHYSIOGNOMISTS (相師), *hsiang shih*

Ma i (麻衣) *hsiang fa*, *Liu chuang* (柳莊) *hsiang fa* and *Ta ch'ing* (大清) *hsiang fa* are well-known books on this science.

Internal physiognomy is called *nei hsiang*, which includes a study of the fæces, voice, etc., and the external physiognomy, *w'ai hsiang*, includes a study of the bones; hair growing in ears, nose and eyebrows; colour of the face, etc.

Face physiognomy, *mien hsiang*, includes the study of the *San t'ing* (亭) *wu kuan*, the three divisions of the face and the five organs. The *san t'ing* are the *t'ien t'ing* or brow, the *chung t'ing* or nose, the *hsia t'ing* or chin.

Shou hsiang or palmistry deals with the *chiu kung* (九宮) or nine places where there is fulness round the palm of the hand, upon which much stress is laid.

The science is based on the following ten characters, which are supposed to represent ten types of Chinese face:—

Yu (由), weak brow; *chia* (甲), chin weak; *shên* (申) chin and brow weak; *t'ien* (田), lacking brow and chin; *t'ung* (同), mouth prominent, chin lacking; *wang* (王), equally balanced, jaw lacking; *yüan* (元), jaw strong, nose weak; *mu* (木), brow weak, jaw strong; *yung* (用), strong, but chin lacking; *fêng* (風), a strong face.

GEOMANCY (陰陽), *yin yang*

It is the geomancer's work to select the site for a house; the direction in which it faces must not disagree with the life star of the owner. He decides how and where the doors and windows are to be placed; and which way it should be approached;

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hardly ever by a straight road. He also selects lucky days for beginning the foundations, for beginning the carpentry work, for putting up the frame-work; and above all, the lucky day and hour for hoisting the top beam on the roof. On this occasion the workmen have extra money, a feast, and the rest of the day free from work. He fixes the position for a burying place, and the way a grave will face. Traffic in the vicinity of the grave is stopped lest the spirit be disturbed. It is reckoned very unlucky to tread on or through a family graveyard.

To decide how a protecting wall round a grave should be built and when it may be built is the geomancer's duty, and when earth can be put on the graves. The proverb runs, *chêng, san, wu, ch'i, chiu, mu shên tso ti shou;* In the first, third, fifth, seventh and ninth moons, the spirit of the grave sits on the ground and guards; during these months no funerals of any importance are carried out and old graves are left severely alone.

He decides when the tombstone may be erected without disturbing the spirit of the grave, and fixes all the lucky times connected with a funeral. (See *Funerals.*)

Hsiu shêng chi (修生寄) is to prepare with the help of an astrologer the foundation for a grave before death, so as to be perfectly sure that it is all right; the coffin is often ready many years before.

Hsing chia is the astrologer who will look at the formation of a mountain before he will fix upon a grave. He makes much of the dragon, he uses the triad compass in his work. The triad is the *san ho* (三合) or heaven, earth and man.

Fa chia is the astrologer who simply decides the position of the grave, for prosperity to the progeny. He uses the eight diagram compass. The *ts'ê* (擇) *chia* is an astrologer who simply decides lucky days, and is like the fortuneteller.

The following represents the transmigration or rotation of souls as far as the geomancer is concerned; hence his control over both the dwellings of the living and the dead. These stages are written on the above compass and used by both classes.

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Born, 長生; washed, 沐浴; clothed, 冠帶; rank, 臨官; prosperity, 帝旺; aged, 衰; sick, 病; death, 死; buried, 墓; ended, 絕; conceived, 胎; nourished, 養.

To build a pagoda to make up a deficiency in the formation of the hills, or to break the monotony of a plain, in order that luck may attend the scholars of the district is called *p'ei fêng shui* (配風水) and *p'u wên fêng* (培文峯). These pagodas are all built in the shape of a Chinese pencil and almost always have an odd number of storeys, which is reckoned more lucky.

To dig a little on the wrong side is to transgress the geomantic influences, *fan fêng shui*. This is reckoned very serious, and must be counteracted, sometimes by buildings being pulled down or pieces added, doors and windows being closed up and fresh ones being opened.

A building erected hundreds of *li* distant may spoil the geomantic influences of a district or town.

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BOOK VIII—SUPERSTITIOUS DREAD

THINGS TO BE AVOIDED (忌 諱), *chi wei*

The first question of importance in Ssŭch'uan is how to gain a livelihood; the people say that every thing else is false, hunger only is real. But next to satisfying hunger, comes the great art of appeasing and hoodwinking demons. There can be little doubt that superstitious dread haunts most people from youth to old age. A young woman well known to us happened to overlay her child in the night, and next day she showed no signs of grief or trouble; on being pressed for a reason, she replied, "Oh, we must cheat the demon;" the idea being that if she had shown any sorrow, the demon would have come and taken the other child also. Much of the callous exterior of this people is not real, but put on for fear of demons.

Lucky days are chosen for almost every event of importance in life; beginning an education, starting on a journey, opening shop at New Year time, marriages, funerals, changing houses, repairing or building houses, will not only be begun on a lucky day, but in a lucky year. It has seemed to me that the day of a person's birth and the day of his death are the only events which they make no pretence at controlling.

Odd numbers are more lucky than even ones; for example, an odd number of days must elapse between a death

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and a funeral, and every seventh day is observed by the women as a time for weeping till seven times is reached, and the mourning in many cases ended.

The first and fifteenth are the recognized days for worship in the temple and in the home. The seventh moon of each year is the most idolatrous of the twelve, when the spirits of the family ancestors are supposed to return and share the feast of meat and wine. The pagoda of each city, which is said to be built in the shape of a Chinese pencil and intended to govern the literary welfare of the city, has, as far as I have seen, always got an odd number of storeys. The Chinese are not without their superstitious dread of the foreigner. I have been asked many times if I could see three feet into the ground; and the call, *Yang jên tao pao* (洋人盜寶), indicates that they believe that our eyes have wondrous powers of finding treasure which they believe lies hidden in the earth. It is quite a common thing to meet a man on the road who will put his nose in his sleeve while passing lest he should smell the foreigner. The smell of the ink of a foreign book is unlucky in the house. The small print of foreign books will injure their eyes, foreigners' tea will bewitch them, etc. We shall now look at a few of the things to be avoided in classified order.

Superstitions connected with the first day of the year. On that day no one in the family may mention the words demon, tiger, cat, snake, monkey, suicide, blood, wounds, short-lived, death, sickness, son died, daughters departed, speechless, lost money; also the following with a play on the double meaning of the words: *tuan lu*, short road, suicide; *tuan t'su*, to sever head from body; *pu tsai*, lost, also meaning dead; *pu hao*, not good, also meaning to be sick, etc.

On this first day the brooms of the house are carefully hidden for fear they may be used and sweep away the family inheritance. The scales for weighing vegetables are also hidden as the marks and figures make it resemble a snake. For any member of the household to have dishevelled hair on that day is very unlucky, as that is said to be how demons look, and is a bad omen for the New Year. The breaking of

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a rice basin or the spilling of water in the kitchen is a very unlucky thing and is taken to mean that the family affairs will be troubled. To have a house set on fire, or for any one to mention fire on the first day is a very unlucky thing.

Those who are in mourning will cast away their mourning weeds for the day; but will not pay calls on that day, for fear of disturbing the weeping god. No weeping is allowed in the family on that day lest it should last throughout the year. It is very unpropitious to quarrel, sing, lose or lend an article, to catch the clothing on anything and tear it, to give a ladleful of water, or even a light to light a neighbour's fire or lamp. No one will ask for the payment of an outstanding account on New Year's day for fear they may becóme beggars. Neither will they sell or allow anything to go out of the house for the same reason. Money is given to beggars on New Year's day, having been previously given out for the express purpose. The practice of sitting on another person's door-step is deeply resented by some families at all times; others do not forbid men, but they would be deeply insulted if women should sit there; but on New Year's day no one is allowed to sit there as it stops the flow of wealth and hinders the passage of the spirits to and from the house. On this day the bell on the idol's shrine must not be touched by strange hands; if an outsider should dare to disturb the family gods he will be severely dealt with for his trouble. To tell any person on New Year's day that he has *pei shih*, or turned his back on the times, is a very serious insult, as it means the family affairs will be unlucky throughout the year.

Continual fears of all classes. The proverb says, *chu lai ch'iung, kou lai fu:* the coming of a pig into the house betokens poverty, and the advent of a dog betokens riches; the reason given for this is that the pig only sleeps and eats, whereas the dog protects the family. But if a dog goes in and out of the house barking for no apparent cause this is reckoned to be very unlucky. It is said that a dog is an ancestor in another form and the name can be read on its belly; for this reason hardly anyone will kill a dog. This idea seems to have had its origin in the following. A dying man

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owed another family five hundred cash, which he promised to return and pay. Soon after his death a litter of puppies came into the house, and on the belly of one was written the name of the man to whom the money was owing; the puppy was given to him and his family became rich.

In connection with the pig there are some curious ideas, which seem to have been imported by Buddhism, such as the following: 曾見孫孫娶祖母爺皮彈鼓打諸親鍋內煮—Already I have seen the grandson marry the grandmother, and the grandfather's skin acting as a drum at the ceremony; while the whole of the friends (become pork) were boiling in the pot to be eaten at the feast. This is transmigration of souls in earnest! If a pig becomes unsettled and snorts in and out of the sty or gets out of the sty and away this is a very unlucky sign; as it may be that it is threatened with an attack of the pig's epidemic. For the last forty years the pigs have been smitten with a disease spoken of as the *huo yin tzŭ wên* (火印子瘟), or the fire-stamp epidemic; this disease is peculiar and is easily known by the large red marks all over the body of the pig just like the stamp from an official seal. The Chinese say that this is done by demons, and it is attributed to a movement among the soldiers of Hades, and for some years it has been feared that human beings would be afflicted by the epidemic. Is it possible that this is an attempt of the disembodied spirits to gain an entrance to the body of the pig? It is often said of a pig if it thrives well, that it is a *huan chang ti* (還帳的), that is, someone who owed them or their forefathers some money, come back in the form of a hog to repay the debt.

If a cat comes to the house it is a sign that the mourning clothes will soon be needed. If a cow comes it is also a bad omen; the fear is that some murder or accident involving life may happen, and therefore the animal is seized and kept till a fine is paid which is used to pacify the family gods and restore the peace of the house. The owner of the cow will also have to hang up a red cloth over the door of the dwelling and fire off crackers at the door as he departs with the animal.

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A horse is also very unlucky and will not be allowed to leave a house which it may have entered before the owner pays a fine.

If a cow trespasses on the ancestral graves it will also be liable to be seized and held till the spirits of the ancestors have been appeased. If a chicken comes to the house the chief fear is that people should know; thus honest people return it at once, but others either hasten to kill and eat it, or take steps to have it sold for fear of detection. When a chicken is lost the loser not infrequently suspects the right person, and will deliberately sit down and curse what is called the speckled cock, *ma hua chi chung*, or curse the spotted turtle, curse the pheasant red and curse the neighbours all round.

Chickens are often stolen by the street arabs, who kill them and make the feathers into feather dusters. The low class of inn where these rascals put up is called *chi mao tien*, chicken feather inn, so named because chickens are killed and feathers stored and manufactured there.

There is a saying which means Rather lend the chief room of a house to deposit a coffin, than lend it to anyone to hold a marriage in. A marriage and a funeral are both to be avoided unless the person belongs to the family, but a marriage held in the house is more unlucky than a funeral, and no one will allow it at any cost.

No woman from an outside family may sit on the door step of the chief room of the house. No woman who has been confined will be tolerated in another person's house till her forty days of purification have been accomplished; a woman during that time must certainly *tso yüeh* (坐 月), sit one moon. No woman would dare to go near the chief room of her own house for the same length of time for fear of offending the idols.

No one may go to another person's home and weep, for fear of troubling the weeping spirit. Nor may anyone go with a fresh wound into another's house, as it is very unlucky.

When the white-necked crow makes a lot of cawing it is very unlucky; this bird is called the *kuei lao ya*, demon crow.

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When the cock goes crowing to bed or a hen crows in the yard both are reckoned unlucky. A crowing hen is a sign of misfortune, or the female taking the place of the male as head of the family. Many date the beginning of China's troubles to the time when the late Empress Dowager usurped the authority of the empire.

The repeated changing of houses is very much deprecated, as it disturbs the ancestral altar and poverty comes to those who do this. Towards the end of the year in the cold weather no one will change house for fear he will not have a suitable place to worship his ancestors at New Year time.

If the kitchen pot rings or the kitchen fire puffs and blows it is very unlucky; it is generally believed to betoken the death or sickness of some of the young women of the family.

The farmer is very particular not to enter his fields on the spring equinox lest birds should make havoc among the growing grain; neither will he thatch his house on that date lest the birds destroy his thatch. Many of the farmer class will not eat beef; they say that the ox who has borne the yoke ought not to be killed; others say the cow is an unclean animal; others that she is unlucky, and still others are afraid of another ox coming to gore them. Farm labourers and coolies are very much afraid of rain falling on their hair, the fear being that each drop becomes transformed into a louse.

The following things are avoided according to the rotation of the sexagenary cycle. The ten stems are taken first and are as follows :—

甲 Do not open granaries; fear of poverty.
乙 Do not sow or plant; seed rots.
丙 Do not build; fear of fire or workmen ceasing work.
丁 Do not use the barber; fear of boils.
戊 Do not manage the sale of property.
己 Do not touch the graves of ancestors.
庚 Do not weave cloth or make ropes.
辛 Do not manufacture condiments.
壬 Do not change irrigating sluices.
癸 Refrain from litigation.

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The twelve branches are as follows :—

子 Do not enquire by divination.
丑 Do not buy hats and garters.
寅 Do not sacrifice to gods.
卯 Do not dig wells.
辰 Do not weep, for weeping may be protracted.
巳 Do not travel to a distance for fear of not coming back.
午 Do not thatch or make raincoats.
未 Do not eat medicine.
申 Do not sleep during the day.
酉 Do not receive guests.
戌 Do not eat dog flesh.
亥 Do not arrange marriage affairs.

The following are some of the things to be avoided by business men :—

In the early morning it is very unlucky to use the abacus, or to turn up the account books; but each morning the abacus is washed to clean away the assistants' malpractices; when the shop is opened and closed, the abacus is shaken violently to drive away demons. No one entering the shop may touch the abacus, such an act would be deeply resented by many. The abacus is not generally used for business purposes before breakfast. Anyone trying to force a reckoning before breakfast will be suspected of an evil intention.

Such common things as ears ringing, sneezing, hot ears, hot face, clothing caught and torn, heart quivering, all betoken family quarrels and general bad luck throughout the day or even the year. The upsetting of a basin of rice on the table or elsewhere is very unlucky, and to take any person's rice-steamer and empty it on the ground is one of the greatest insults that can be given to a family. The twitching of the eye-lashes has deep significance.

Brick and tile-makers have a superstitious dread of *hung* (紅) or red, as red bricks and tiles are not half the value of the black or grey coloured ones. The lime-kiln owner has a dread of the words *tao tsang* (倒藏), as this means that the limestone won't be burned through and will be returned to him.

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The iron foundry owner is afraid of the word *ma* (麻) as this indicates that his iron will not weld together properly. Barbers fear the words *ya pa* (芽 杷), that is, cutting their customers, who will then not come back. The butcher fears the two words *ko ch'i* (擱 起), which means that his meat may be left unsold. Carpenters and masons have a superstitious dread of the two characters *tao fan*, empty out rice; lost the job. The rice shops dread the two characters *t'ing shih*, a stoppage of food, or indigestion. Tea and wine shop masters are afraid of the three characters *mai pu t'o* (賣不脫), can't sell it, and *shih pên* (十本), ten copies, which is the same sound as *shih pén* (失本), to become bankrupt. Boatmen are afraid of such words as *fan tao*, turn over; *tao*, to empty out, also *k'o ch'i*, to stick on mud; and *tang tao*, stopped. Hewers of wood have a dread of such words as the following: *ta tao*, struck, also *ch'ang shên*, to stretch out, and *pu tung*, inanimate. The pig dealer dreads the words *pu tui ts'ao* (槽), that is, the pig will not settle to eat; or the words *pu tui t'ou*, unsuitable. This is shown by the pig's tendency to whine and dig up the pig-sty.

The traveller dreads the words *pu hui lai*, not to return, just as he is about to start on a journey from home. The servant dreads the words *pu yao* or we don't want you.

If a family has been robbed the people of the house, when filling up the hole made by the thieves in the wall, will bury some *fan*, rice, and some *fa*, hair, at the bottom of the hole in the wall, believing that the thief will *fan fa*, or break the law, the play being on the sound of the characters.

Woodmen are afraid of the following: *ho ch'a*, drink tea, as tea is the first thing offered to a swooning man; *he t'ang*, drink soup, also *tao*, to upset, and *fên k'ai*, to separate, *ta p'o*, to split up, also *ch'ai p'o*, to tread to pieces, for fear one of their number should be killed.

In the paper factory the owner is in constant dread of the water being let off from the vats before the paper is ready to come out. He also fears the water getting sour, this is called *ma* (麻) *shui*, spoiled water. He also dreads *tuan pu ch'i lai*, or it cannot be lifted up, also *lan kao*, rotten in the

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vats, also *yin ch'i*, spoiled for lack of sun to dry it. If a woman during her forty days after confinement should venture near a paper factory, she will need to stand surety for the peace and prosperity of the factory for 120 days.

Fishermen dread the words *fan wang*, the net upset, also *chiao jao*, to implicate, by fishing up a human head or something else bad. The distiller dreads the words *kuai kang*, that is, the butt is broken, as the wine will then lose its savour. He also fears *tuan tso*, which means that wine will be short weight.

On the fifth of the fifth moon every person reckons to lay aside work for a time; the fear is that sickness may overtake them if they don't. On the fifteenth of the seventh moon no guests are kept in the house, as the spirits of the ancestors are expected back to partake of the family feast. No debts are collected at this feast as it is purely an ancestral worship feast, and the ancestors must have their dues paid to them. This is called *t'ao ya pa chang* (討啞吧帳), the dumb asking for accounts to be paid. Perhaps readers may have noticed that in the first, third, fifth, seventh and ninth moons funerals and marriages are very rare, and no official likes to go to a new position during these months unless he is absolutely forced to by circumstances.

The first-born son of the family is never allowed to talk to or play with a pregnant woman, for fear the child's spirit should be called to be the other woman's son. Some sick persons will not see people, *chi jên* (忌人). Women avoid visitors on even days and men on odd days; there is some superstitious dread that visitors might call away their spirits. At such times a bamboo with a flag on it is stuck outside the door, and people seeing it know not to enter the house.

When a new animal has been bought and taken home, a dirty person is not allowed to lead it into the stable, nor is a lazy person allowed to feed it, for fear the animal should get degraded through contact with them.

In arranging the position of a bed in a bed-room, it is never put facing the door as that is how a coffin is placed.

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On entering a tea-shop it is very unlucky to upset your own tea or to see a tea-cup upset by another.

Boatmen, when starting on a journey, always choose a lucky day for the crew to come on board, the sacrifice to be made and the boat started. The sacrificial chicken is intoxicated before it is killed, wine being poured down its gullet ; when slain, the blood is sprinkled on the prow of the boat and the feathers stuck to it as a witness of the transaction. On the journey demons are seen in the head winds and adverse currents, and when it is difficult to pull the boat over a rapid ; rice is then thrown overboard to feed the hungry ghosts. The boatmen will rarely tell you how far they are from a certain place, lest the demons should know of their whereabouts, while the distance is generally given as so many stages. They will never tell you where they intend to stay for the night or how far away is an anchorage, lest the demons should waylay them. The custom of boatmen whistling and howling for the wind is a curious one and probably has to do with the idea that the spirits are in the wind and are helping them. In the bottom of each boat there is one division lower than the others called the *t'ai p'ing ts'ang*, into which all the leakage water in the bottom of the boat is expected to flow, to be ladled out into the river ; no one may shout or swear while in this division lest the boat should be wrecked. The words *kuai* (拐), and *ch'iung* (傾), are used to take the places of *huai* (壞), wreck, and *tao* (倒), to empty out. The exact number of trackers should never be counted for fear it should bring disaster. Boatmen never tread on the front of the boat, and care should be taken to avoid this as much as possible by any one. Boatmen always sleep across the boat and never dress standing on their bedding.

Woodmen employed in the forest never call any of their comrades by name before breakfast. Nor are they called to breakfast lest one of them should be called upon to die before the evening. Anyone daring to dress standing on his bed, or knocking his chopsticks together may be fined to the extent of food and tea for a meal, as these things indicate that the axe-head may slip off and kill someone. The water in which

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the vegetables were cooked must not be poured out until after the breakfast has been eaten, lest someone's blood should be spilt that day. Any of the unlucky words, such as have already been given, are not tolerated till after breakfast at least. Chair coolies do not like any one to step over the front bar of the sedan chair lest they should get sore shoulders; for women to do this is very unlucky; it is also very unlucky to step across a coolie's carrying pole, for the same reason. Coolies often throw their worn-out sandals on to the roof of the houses lest people should gather and burn them; when their feet would become blistered. Women are never allowed to sleep upstairs at a Chinese inn. If a man has no intention of selling his cow, he objects to anyone looking at it lest the animal should become unsettled and bellow or take sick and die. A horse may be looked at by a would-be purchaser, but the animal may not be ridden unless the owner is prepared to part with him. It is also reckoned unlucky to look at fat pigs with a view to purchase until the owner is prepared to part with them. A three-hoofed pig, a cow with three teats, or one with spots on its head, or with black marks under the tail or in the mouth is reckoned very unlucky. The advent of a flock of sparrows is a sign of poverty.

The advent of crows foreshadows luck and prosperity to the family; crows are reckoned filial birds because they cherish their aged. If they leave the family grove it betokens poverty and fire. Owls are reckoned to be unlucky because it is said that they devour their aged. It is said that the owl flies with his head exalted and his wickedness fills the heavens. Their call heralds death and fine weather. Magpies are reckoned to be lucky and filial birds. If the swallow's brood is five in number, it is reckoned that the floods will come in the fifth moon.

If a dog sneezes it is believed that fine weather is about to come. If you laugh at a dog it will rain. If a person is bitten by a dog he asks for a hair of the dog; this is singed and applied to the wound. To dream of being bitten by a mad dog is as bad if not worse than being actually bitten by one.

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If a person sneezes, the first thing he will say is "Who is speaking about me?" If a person's ears ring, some evil is being spoken of him. If ears burn a law suit is impending. A burning face indicates the loss of property. The god of the bed is worshipped on the moving from one house to another, and when a new bed is brought, in order that peaceful slumbers may come to the family. Soldiers sharpen their swords once yearly on the thirteenth of the fifth moon. Kites are flown by men on the ninth of the ninth moon as a medium for carrying off evil influences from the home. If a kite should fall on any person's house it is reckoned to be very unlucky and no one would dare to go and claim it. Children often wear a small mirror on the front of their hats in order that the demons may see their ugly faces and depart.

If a man should dream that he has swallowed the sun and moon or pearls, he will eventually have a rich son. To dream of much water is to get great riches. To dream of fire is to get honours by learning. People who are troubled by evil dreams go and tie a knot on a shrub known as the *mêng hua*, dream flower. If an old man has a red nose it is the sign of the greatest happiness. If the house is infested with rats, many people keep what is called a *shên mao ĕrh* or spirit cat pasted up in the kitchen. This is also called a Kien chou (簡 州) *mao ĕrh* because they are made at that place. This is simply the picture of a cat painted on a piece of yellow paper. It is reckoned very unlucky to howl or shout on a hill-top as a gale of wind and rain may follow.

The terror of the nine-headed monster (蟲) is great in some places. This would appear to be a flock of wild geese flying in the shape of the character nine. If these pass over a city at night many people rush out of doors to drive them off as it is believed that if it drops pus, the family will become poor; if it drops blood, the whole family will die.

The Chinese believe that there is such a monster and the contention of the heads for the ascendancy makes it drop blood.

Houses whose doors open on some public path sometimes have wooden screens set up in front of the doors to keep

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out demons. These screens are called *ch'a p'ing* (插屏), stuck-in screen. When a house is troubled with sickness the neighbours often ask whose dirty demon has come hither to give trouble.

When a person has a hatred for another and is bent upon secret revenge, a straw effigy of the enemy is made and pricked in the eyes and nose with a needle, cursed and burned; it is believed that this will inflict sickness or even death upon the enemy and is spoken of as *shê yin chien* (射陰箭), shooting a secret arrow. Another way is to go to the temple of the city god, and accuse the person at the idol shrine; the indictment is written out and presented with candles and incense, after which it is burned to ashes. This is called *kao yin chuang* (告陰狀), making an indictment to Hades. When a dead child has been carried out of the house, the door-step is sawn or hacked to indicate that the debt of some ancestor has now been paid in full.

Sometimes over the door of the house will be found written the two characters *i shan*, one good deed; being an abbreviation of the saying, "one good deed will cover a thousand bad ones." This is to deceive the demons and keep them out of the house.

Some haunted houses have a mirror hung up over the door, so that when the demon comes and sees his own face he will take fright and depart. Some parents use for their children what are known as tigers' pillows so as to frighten the demons.

On the eighth of the fourth moon there is a custom known as *chia mao ch'ung*, or marrying out the caterpillar. The idea is that caterpillars are females and in marrying them out they will leave this part of the country alone. A small red rosette is put up in the chief room of the house as an evidence. 佛生四月八, 毛蟲今日嫁, 嫁在深山去, 永遠不歸家. On the eighth of the fourth moon was Buddha's birth. On that day caterpillars are married out. Married far into the mountain recesses never more to return.

At the spring equinox there is a custom known as *ching chüeh wang*, to reverence the king of birds. Rice loaves are

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made into which a pair of scissors is stuck, and the whole thing is displayed outside the house; this it is believed will keep the family in peace. In some places a huge paper bird is paraded round the streets with a crowd following, probably an imitation Phoenix Bird.

On the seventh of the seventh moon there is the custom known as *hsien kua*, to offer the melon. This is also the time when girls pray for ability, or *ch'i ch'iao* (乞巧). In some places women and girls take what is known as *ch'iao ya tzŭ*, or ability sprouts, which are really sprouted beans. The sprouts with a basin of water are taken before the shrine of the tutelary god, where incense and candles have been lit. Each girl takes one of the long sprouts, breaks it into small pieces and throws them into the basin of water, then waits to see if these form into the shape of a flower; if they do she will be clever at needlework.

On the first of the tenth moon there is a custom known as *hsien niu wang*, offering to the ox spirit. Rice cakes, *ch'i pa* (糍粑), are made and given to the ox, which is not supposed to do any work on that day. Anyone daring to work his animal will be cursed and told that he ought to become an ox in the next life. In many country homes the oxen are dressed and petted on this their birthday.

Hydrophobia (瘋狗傷人), *fêng kou shang jên*. It is said that the snake when about to hibernate eats of a herb called *ling chih ts'ao*, "boletus." At the time of moving insects (驚蟄), it comes forth from hibernation, and vomits a great amount of phlegm, *shê hsüan tu* (蛇漩毒), which smells very strongly. If a dog eats this or if individuals smell it, they are from a Chinese point of view doomed to an attack of hydrophobia. This herb if eaten by human beings makes them comatose, but after the effects have been slept off, it is believed that the individual will live to a great age. This disease of hydrophobia is to be found all the year round, but is most common in spring time when the oil plant is in flower, so much so that the saying runs The rape is in flower; mad dogs will make their appearance. But it is said that the disease among dogs has nothing to do with the rape

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plant, but with the snakes that come out about that particular season.

There is a small bamboo which grows on the hill-tops, whose root is black; when powdered this root is believed to cure persons bitten by a mad dog. The bamboos are also used as walking-sticks as it is believed that rabid dogs are afraid of this particular kind of bamboo.

When a dog has got rabies, it stops eating, drops its tail and pushes out its tongue, barks wildly, stiffens its neck and runs furiously; bites its own people and then runs outside to bite others. If it should bite at a person's shadow or sweep suddenly past anyone, they are in danger, and so is even the person who kills it, and must go through the treatment given for rabid dog bites. Nothing is said of these animals fearing water.

The poison from these bites is a terrible thing in the Chinese opinion; for they think the person bitten becomes impregnated with puppies and if these cannot be driven out with the fæces or urine, death is certain. The trouble may begin any time from seven to forty-nine days after the bite. But one is not reckoned safe till one hundred and twenty days have passed. When a person has been bitten the specialist is invited at once, who generally heals by contract. He expects nothing if the patient dies. The calf of the leg and flesh of the forearm are pounded by people in turn till the person is almost unconscious. This is done to bring the poison to a head. The mad dog is hunted and killed by some; the flesh taken and eaten, the skin made into a sleeping mat; the hair burned to ashes and applied to the wound, while medicine is taken every seven days for forty-nine days.

To dream of being bitten by a mad dog is believed by many to be as bad as the actual bite, and medicine is needed to counteract it. In fact, even to fear or see a dog of this kind is reckoned very dangerous and causes great superstitious dread.

When a person who has been bitten is getting sick, he becomes silent and the eyes become fixed, soon he barks like a dog, throws off his clothing and tears it to shreds, pulls out his hair, eats off his finger nails, runs off like a wild animal

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and bites people. At this period the strength is great and no one can bind him. I have heard of them putting medicine down the throat of a rabid person by means of a bamboo tube and his getting well again.

To curse the mad dog is a special line of sorcery and when a person has been bitten he may use this method.

If a person has been bitten it is said to be very unlucky for anyone who speaks of it to him. During the 120 days onions, kidney beans, bean curd, chicken, eggs, fish and flour are avoided. The clanging of gongs or drums makes the patient worse.

This kind of trouble is looked upon by the Chinese as a retribution for the wickedness of three past generations and is classed with being killed by lightning or consumed by fire, bitten by a snake or devoured by a tiger.

ECLIPSES AND COMETS (日月食及彗星), *jih yüeh shih, sao hsing*

The heavenly dog is said to be a star known as *t'ien kou hsing:* it eats the moon, causing eclipse.

Lo hou hsing (羅睺星) is a very unlucky star, which it is believed tries to devour the sun at eclipse times. The evil spirit from this star is said to have retarded the birth of Sakyamuni for six years.

In an eclipse of the sun or moon, it is believed that the Emperor or Empress, respectively, has lost virtue.

During an eclipse of the sun, a tub of water is placed in the full glare of the sun and the progress of the eclipse is watched in the water.

The official calendar carefully gives the dates of all eclipses and particulars as to when they begin and finish. Previous to the eclipse a proclamation is issued calling upon the people to save the sun or moon. The official sets up an altar, and candles and incense are burned thereon while he prostrates himself and begs the restoration of the luminary to its normal size; the *chiao kyan* or head of the religious sects goes round the altar beating a gong till the eclipse is over. In each house an instrument for making a noise is used to

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frighten away the evil dog. All the temple drums and gongs are lustily beaten till the eclipse is ended.

The year that the Emperor Kuang Hsü died, the people declared that the sun had become red like blood, which indicated that the dynasty had come to an end, or that some great change was about to take place.

A comet is a very unlucky omen; and the appearance of Halley's comet in 1910–11 brought with it a great deal of unrest and fear. The people believe that it indicates calamity such as war, fire, pestilence, and a change of dynasty. In some places on certain days the doors were unopened for half a day, no water was carried and many did not even drink water as it was rumoured that pestilential vapour was being poured down upon the earth from the comet.

Along with eclipses and comets comes a third herald of change, namely, the bird called the white-tailed swallow. It is said that when the Manchus took China this bird came and killed the canaries and took possession of their cages. In 1911 it is reported to have made its appearance in Ssŭch'uan, and when possible it was caught, beheaded, dismembered and thrown to the four winds, as it indicated another foreign invasion of the country.

Snakes and Dragons (蛇龍), *shê lung*

The snake is an object both of loathing and reverence among the Chinese. In Ssŭch'uan there are many kinds, of different colours and sizes. It is said that the small are snakes (蛇), the medium serpents (蟒), and the large are dragons (龍). A few of the different kinds of snakes as known by the Chinese are herewith given :—

Sang kên tzŭ (桑根紫), or *ch'êng kan shê*, the steelyard snake, is red with spots and is very deadly.

Ts'ai hua, the rape-flower snake, a yellowish coloured snake from four to eight feet long and very poisonous.

Ch'ing chu piao, the green snake, just the colour of a green bamboo stem. It is from four to eight feet long and less poisonous than the former ones.

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The speckled snake, *ma pan* (麻斑), believed to be poisonous.

Wu shao (烏稍), a grey snake, reckoned to be poisonous.

Wu pang (蜂), a grey tailless snake or one whose tail does not taper like the other species. It boldly faces men and when attacked shows no inclination to flee.

Chüeh shê and *shou kung* (守宮), the lizard. The Chinese fear these entering the tea-cups and leaving poison.

The snake's body is very cold, its teeth of the finest, its bite the most venomous. On seeing it every Chinese gets a fright, and generally speaking the belief is that they should be killed, with exceptions which will be given. The saying runs that if you see a snake and do not kill it, in the next life you will be dumb. Snakes in private homes and temples must not be killed. Those in private houses are believed to be the spirits of the ancestors come back in this form to present themselves to the family, and incense is often offered inviting them to go.

Those in temples are called *shên shê*, spirit snakes; it is said that the god of literature and the city god are snakes and come to receive the incense at the altar. It is said if one goes very early to the bedroom of the city god in his temple one will find two snakes asleep on the bed.

Besides this 眞武足踏龜蛇, the *chên wu* idol or *Liu Ch'ang shêng* has his foot on tortoise and snake, that is, he is able to subdue them.

Country people declare that by suddenly entering a bamboo grove a snakes' gathering, *shê hui*, may be seen; but on being disturbed they flee in all directions.

Snakes have a propensity for stealing living creatures, such as chickens, rabbits, etc., and in so doing it is believed that the ancestor is only taking his due. Such are some of the ideas which run in the minds of the people regarding snakes, and we now turn to the king of the scaly tribe. The dragon bore nine sons something as follows:—

Hsieh chai (獬豸), a fabulous monster like a deer, which it is said can discriminate between right and wrong.

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Said to be the *shên yang* or spirit sheep, which takes away seditious and disloyal intentions from the minds of the people.

T'ao t'ieh (饕餮). This is a monstrous tiger-like animal with horns. It ornaments every yamen entrance exactly facing the magistrate's office and is called *t'an* (貪) by the people. Opposite the animal is a picture of the sun, which the monster appears to be intent upon devouring. The sun is representative of the ruling emperor, and the picture is supposed to be a continual warning to the officials to avoid covetousness and rebellion. This monster also appears on old rice basins, etc., in the form of a head without the body or a headless trunk to warn people against the vice of gluttony. In the yamen entrance there is another picture of a crane and a deer; these face outward toward the people; the idea is that if the official is not avaricious there will be long life and spring on all sides, *lu ho t'ung ch'un* (鹿鶴同春). The people eat hartshorn in great quantities and at great expense, hoping for long life, as both the crane and the deer are believed to live to a great age.

Pi hsi (贔屭). A male and female tortoise borne down by affliction. This emblem is now largely used as a pedestal for tombstones, one head looking each way. The allusion is to the tortoise bearing its great burden of grief from which it cannot be relieved.

Lang pei (狼狽), a fabulous animal said to be a native of water regions, but it can be at home on land; it is popularly believed to have short hind legs, unsuitable for locomotion, so when it desires to move from one place to another it is necessary for two animals to be together, when one rides the other making use of the two pairs of fore legs. This combination is used as a symbol of two persons joined together for wickedness.

Kan (犴) is a monstrous scaly beast with one horn, the image of which is painted on the wall above the doors of jails, as a warning to people to repent of their evil deeds and not enter therein.

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The influence of the dragon is very far reaching; the saying runs (飛龍在天), *fei lung tsai t'ien*, the flying dragon is in heaven.

Ti mei lung shên is the dragon's pulse of the earth; the geomantic influence.

Hai lung wang, the dragon of the deep, who has his dwelling in the depths of the sea.

The wicked dragon: 惡龍難絆地頭蛇. The wicked dragon has difficulty in tripping up local snakes. A wicked emperor cannot overcome public opinion.

Another saying is, When the dragon moves a step even the grass renews its spring appearance.

Clouds follow the dragon and wind the tiger.

When a sage appears all nature stares.

If a snake bites a man there is a medicine to heal it, but if man bites man there is none. This latter half of the proverb refers to being wrongly involved in the law courts, a thing difficult indeed to heal; but a real human bite is also very difficult to cure, and they are not uncommon among the many quarrels of the people.

[The end]

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NOTES ON THE "LUTE-GIRL'S SONG"[1]

By A. Waley

This well-known poem by Po Chü-i (白居易) has been translated by Professor Giles (*Chinese Literature*, p. 165). He has omitted the Preface which explains the circumstances under which the poem was written. In the following pages I shall translate this Preface and shall also venture to criticize a few points in Professor Giles's translation of the poem. He has lately submitted several of my translations to the most searching criticism and will not, I am sure, resent my very tentative emendations.

Preface.

In the tenth year of Yüan Ho (815 A.D.), I was banished to the city of Kiukiang with the rank of sub-Prefect. In the autumn of the following year I was seeing off a visitor at the mouth of the P'ên River [溢浦口. The 溢水, *P'ên Shui*, ran into the Yangtze west of Kiukiang, which city is often referred to as 溢城]. We heard some one playing the lute

(1) I retain the title by which the poem is best known to English readers. The "Song" was *made for* not *sung by* the girl.

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on board a boat at night. I listened and recognized by a certain bell-like quality in the melody that it was a Ch'ang-an tune [*lit.*, "that it had a sound of the Capital"].

I enquired who the player was and learnt that she had been a dancing-girl at Ch'ang-an and had taken lessons in lute-playing from the masters Mou and Ts'ao. But when she grew old and her beauty faded, she let a merchant take her as his wife.

Hearing this, I ordered wine and persuaded her to play several tunes. When she had done playing she fell to telling us regretfully of the joys of her youth, and how she was now cruising about homeless and distressed, among the rivers and lakes.

During the two years which had passed since I fell from office I had always been happy enough. But that night, moved by the girl's story, I suddenly began to feel the sorrows of exile. So I made for her a long-line ballad of 620 words, calling it "The Lute Song" (琵琶行). [620 is a "round number." Each line consists of 7 characters, making 616 in all.]

THE POEM

Professor Giles says that "the 'guest' is the poet himself, setting out a second time for his place of banishment, as mentioned above, from a point about half-way thither, where he had been struck down by illness."

I submit that this account is inconsistent both with the Preface and with the facts of the poet's life as known to us through his poems and through his biographies in the two T'ang Histories.

The poet was banished to Kiukiang at the end of the year 814 A.D. He did not reach the place till 815 and in 818 was further removed to Chung-chou, high up the river. He never "set out a second time for his place of banishment." Nor is the site of this episode "half-way thither," but quite close to Kiukiang. Finally it is the "host" not the "guest" who is the poet himself.

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l. 2. 楓葉荻花秋瑟瑟.

Professor Giles: "beneath the maple's flower-like leaves, blooming amid autumnal decay."

Surely "upon maple-leaves and reed-flowers autumn had wrought her decay." Professor Giles omits 荻, but perhaps has another text.

l. 12. 回燈.

Professor Giles: "lamps trimmed again."

Literally it must mean "lamps turned round." Can this imply trimmed? Some texts read 攜 "carried," "brought," which is much easier.

l. 15. 轉軸撥絃三兩聲

Professor Giles: "twice or thrice sweeping the strings!"

It should be "she turned the 'pegs' (to tune the instrument) and struck the strings (with her plectrum), playing two or three notes."

l. 17. 絃絃掩抑

Professor Giles: "Every note she struck."

This should be "with every string muted"... (*lit.*, "covered and pressed down with the hand"); so at least the Japanese commentaries, and the explanation seems reasonable.

l. 21. 輕攏慢撚抹復挑

Professor Giles: "Now softly, now slowly, her plectrum sped to and fro."

Here the use of the hand and the use of the plectrum are both involved: "Lightly holding (or "checking" the string with the hand), slowly twisting (the string between finger and thumb); now stroking (the string with the plectrum), now scooping under it." I am not confident that this suggestion is correct, but it at least represents an attempt to translate the text, which Professor Giles's version, so it seems to me, does not.

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ll. 35, 36. 曲終收撥當心畫
四絃一聲如裂帛

Professor Giles: "So fell the plectrum once more upon the strings with a slash like the rent of silk."
This again is not even an attempt to translate the text. Surely the sense is: "When the tune was ended, she withdrew her plectrum, sweeping it (as a painter sweeps his brush) across her breast, and the four strings (played in *arpeggio*) sounded with a slash like the rent of silk."

l. 42. 家在蝦蟆陵下住

Professor Giles: "My childhood was spent at the Capital, in my home near the hills."
This "generalization" of special references is perhaps intentional on the translator's part. The Hsia-ma Ling was near the Capital, six *li* south of Wan-nien Hsien. It was originally called 下馬陵 and was the tomb-mound of Tung Chung-shu (*Biog. Dictionary*, 2092).

l. 53. 阿姨

Professor Giles translates "mother." But surely "aunt" is the only rendering that can be justified.

l. 71. 住近湓江

Professor Giles: "I live by the marshy river-bank" should be: "I live near P'ên River."

ll. 75, 76. Are omitted by Professor Giles. They run:

春江花朝秋月夜
往往取酒還獨傾

"By the spring river on flowery mornings, at night under the autumn moon,
Many times and again I brought wine and drank it all alone."

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l. 81. 更坐彈一曲

Professor Giles: "Sit down awhile and sing to us yet again."

But the girl has been playing on the lute, not singing. 彈一曲 can only mean "play one tune."

l. 82. 爲君翻作琵琶行

Professor Giles: "While I commit thy story to writing."

This does not bring out the force of 翻 which is surely in the sense of 繙 and means "translate": "While I translate your tune into a lute-poem."

ll. 84, 85. 却坐促絃絃轉急
凄凄不似向前聲

l. 84. Professor Giles: "sat down and quickly broke forth into another *song* (*sic*), sad and soft, unlike the *song* of just now." This is hardly translation. It should surely be "... sat down again, set the strings in motion, and the strings [under her plectrum] moved even more swiftly than before."

Professor Giles does not bring out the adversative force of 轉 (corresponding to the Japanese *utata* which is written with this character). For "*song* of just now" substitute "*tune* of just now."

In conclusion, I will add a few remarks concerning Professor Giles's criticism of my translation of the 大招 or "Great Summons."[1]

(1) He objects to my calling it a "translation." Surely the only other term possible, namely "paraphrase," has always been used of adaptations which have made much wider departures from the original than I have done. Professor Giles will agree with me that no literal translation of the poem can preserve its character as a *poem*. My object was to do this, and in the introduction to "More Translations" I called attention to the fact that this book aimed at fuller literary form, which necessarily implies a less literal method. It is

1. V. sup., p. 319.

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unfair to say that I am "a translator who claims to be strictly literal" simply because *in another book*, I had said that in *it* I had "aimed at literal translation not paraphrase."

(2) Professor Giles's translation differs from mine chiefly (a) because he has followed other commentators, (b) because I was trying to turn a Chinese poem into an English one, a process that cannot be achieved merely by tagging rhymes on to the ends of the lines.

To effect this purpose I have (as every translator of poetry must) often translated rather the implied meaning than the actual words. For example, in the first line of the poem (青春受謝) the metaphor is that of interchange, of one sentry relieving another,—or the like. This is better brought out by my translation "Green spring receiveth the vacant earth," than by Professor Giles's "The green spring comes and goes." It seems to me irrelevant to point out that the words "vacant earth" do not occur in the original.

(3) I have not sought scientific equivalents to the names of birds, animals, etc. In a translation made as a "crib" for specialists one can talk of the *jang-ho*, *kao*, *lou*, *kun*, and the like. But in a literary translation one must find equivalents consistent with the elevation of style which poetry demands. If these do not correspond exactly to the Chinese, *tant pis!* I was translating a poem, not a work on natural history.[1]

(4) The verses which I omitted were cut out intentionally. I felt that in so long a poem they could easily be spared. I ought perhaps to have notified the reader of this, but we have seen above that Professor Giles himself omits a couplet without comment or explanation.

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(1) Similarly, the word "harp" which Professor Giles will not admit as an equivalent to 瑟 and 琴 may in a non-technical work be used in a much wider sense than he will allow. The *kinnŏr* of the Hebrews was certainly not a harp in the strict sense of the word, yet both A. V. and R. V. translate *kinnŏr* by "harp." Moreover the Japanese word *koto* has constantly been translated "harp" (which sense is given in Brinkley's dictionary), though no one imagines that it resembles the harp of European concert rooms.

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(5) Finally, I think that my critic is guilty of some confusion of thought as to his motives in re-translating the poem. He claims that the work was undertaken "in justice to the poet and to readers who cannot verify from the original text." But his paper appears to be addressed throughout to the specialist, who is indeed alone capable of forming a judgment in such matters. The general reader will accept whatever makes good sense and good poetry. That Professor Giles's version makes better sense and better poetry than mine I will allow in two passages only. In stanza thirteen "skill" for 德 is better than "virtue"; in stanza fifteen I gladly welcome "necks like the gazelle" as the true rendering of 頸若鮮卑.

My own motive in penning the above notes on Po Chü-i's poem was to show that it is from a very glassy house indeed that my critic has hurled his courteous and learned stones. If further proof be needed, I would ask the reader to compare with the original Professor Giles's translation (*Chinese Literature*, p. 179) of Ssŭ-k'ung T'u's (司空圖) *Shih P'in* (詩品).

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NOTES AND QUERIES

A longer instalment than usual has been given of Mr. Hutson's paper, so as to conclude the series in the present volume. It is hoped to issue it shortly in book form.

* * *

Cloth cases for binding Vol. II are on their way from England; particulars will be found among the advertisements.

* * *

A correspondent kindly sent an offer of some volumes of *The China Review* but the post-card with his name and address has been unfortunately lost. He would greatly oblige the Editor by writing again.

* * *

Erratum.—On p. 422 it is said that two portions of the picture "A Winter Landscape" appeared in No. 2. They appeared in No. 6 of our first volume, pp. 547, 621.

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RECENT LITERATURE

Finance and Commerce. A weekly review, devoted to the economic development of China, etc.

We are glad to see that this important paper flourishes. The special articles in it are of permanent value and those on Chinese products should be issued separately, as one often wishes for the information they contain yet cannot conveniently refer to the files. As for the mass of current information on markets, finance and shipping, we should suppose business men can hardly do their business without it. The firm which also produces Dingle's *New Atlas and Commercial Gazetteer* and Dingle's *New Map of China* has laid the commercial world under deep obligation to it.

Israel's Messenger. Official organ of the Shanghai Zionist Association.

Several numbers of this interesting local publication have reached us, the last being No. 8 of Vol. VII, dated October 29; but circumstances have prevented our noticing them earlier. They are, of course, chiefly taken up with the prospects of the Jewish race in Palestine and then with local Jewish matters. But over and above all which specially appeals to Jewish

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readers there is a good deal which may be read with interest by anyone; *Palestine the World's Great Health Resort; The Historic Relations between the Jews aud the Arabs; The Hebrew University in Jerusalem*, and other subjects. We congratulate our fellow-townsmen on this flourishing journal, issued formerly "at irregular intervals," but now announced as a bi-monthly. As each number is very full there should certainly be a table of Contents.

Fragments of Confucian Lore. A Selection of short quotations with the original Text. By Thos. T. H. Ferguson. Shanghai; North-China Daily News and Herald, Ltd.

The Chinese consider Confucian lore as the acme of wisdom, and the Western world, partly out of politeness but chiefly through excusable ignorance of his works, has generally taken the Sage at the Chinese estimate and supposed him the peer of Socrates and Plato. The solid fact confronted the world that he was the nominally revered Teacher through many centuries of a people numbered by hundreds of millions. It was therefore very naturally accepted that he must have been great and wise.

This opinion has been somewhat modified by closer acquaintance with him, and we think that the more he is known the more surprise will be felt at the position he has held. For example, the little volume before us cannot but disappoint those who look for the inspired wisdom of a great thinker and teacher. We think any Western "birthday text-book," Shakespearean, Biblical or what not, contains more inspiration by far. The Book of Proverbs in the Bible may be regarded as dry reading, without the splendour of poetry found in the Psalms or in Isaiah; but in every chapter there are sentences which strike the truth out in a few right words—*rem acu tetigere*—and stay in the memory. We need not give examples. But the Confucian lore here given us seldom rises to that level and is more worthy of comparison with

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Martin Tupper. It is not enough to say the value is lost in translation, for most of us read the Bible or Plato's Dialogues only in translations; yet we are uplifted by the reading as we never are by anything in the Four Books. The sentences here given are largely barren platitudes and truisms. "The extension of knowledge lies in the Investigation of Things." "Confucius said 'The Cautious seldom err.'" "Be he talented or not, a son remains a son." Such sentences hardly show profound wisdom, and we may question whether they are worth reprinting. There are other sentences which must surely offend the democratic New China, such as "The people may be made to comply but cannot be made to understand." "Those not in office should not meddle with Government." "It behoves only the Emperor to arrange ceremonies, to establish measures, to verify literature."

The little book reminds us how small has been the real influence of Confucian teaching—beyond lip-homage and knee-worship. It has been well said that Confucius would own as disciples very few of those who quote him and offer him the regulation worship.

Of course there are *some* of these quotations which deserve a place with Solomon's proverbs, such as "A span of four horses cannot overtake the tongue;" "Rotten wood cannot be carved;" and others. But we are tired of hearing that the Sage ate ginger, did not shoot sitting birds and was too fidgetty to sit on a mat that was not straight.

We are obliged to the compiler for the selection he has made, which is interesting to many though perhaps it will be valuable to few; and we appreciate the headings he gives to each aphorism. The translation we say nothing about, since it is a free adaptation of Legge, whose Classics are not at hand as we write.

There are a few printers' errors which deserve correction such as *brethern*, *deccipt*, etc.

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THE EDITOR TO HIS READERS

At the end of the second volume the Editor permits himself a few words of thanks, congratulation and explanation.

A glance at the two volumes issued shows there were writers ready to write in such a Journal, on subjects of varied interest, appealing to all who are students of Chinese affairs other than trade and politics; and there have been enough subscribers to pay for the production. It may therefore be said with confidence that the Review was needed, that it has justified its existence and that it has a future. The Editor is aware of its shortcomings—for instance, he has not so far been able to supply articles on Art and Archaeology—but he has done his best and is thankful for the appreciation that has been shown.

Contributors of world-wide reputation, Giles, Laufer, Parker and others have written freely for the Review, and thereby laid both Editor and readers under a great obligation to them; while a score of writers less widely known at present have favoured us with papers of permanent value—we cannot here give all their names but we heartily thank them all.

With regard to the future: ill health and the pressure of other work made the Editor doubtful about beginning a third volume; but it was impossible to simply drop so useful a thing, and there was no one else to take it up; so he remains at his post, and earnestly asks for help from all who can give it. The Editor has a thousand difficulties, for which he gets nothing but the consciousness of a good work accomplished; and they are unthought of by the subscriber, whose only difficulty is to find the subscription money, for which, however, he gets the Review.

The printing will be done next year by another firm. This will result, it is to be hoped, in greater regularity of issue and promptitude of despatch. But the cost of production will be much higher than before, and the new volume will probably be issued at a loss. This can only be prevented by an increase in the list of subscribers and more advertisements. Subscribers are asked to get other subscribers; and

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as to advertisers it may be supposed that local firms should be glad to encourage a local production circulating among such a special class of readers.

It is found that copies of the Review sent abroad are sent at a loss after paying postage *and agents' commission*, exchange being as it is. So subscribers in Great Britain and the States are asked to send their orders direct. A good many persist, however, in going to agents, and as an example of thoughtlessness it may here be narrated that an agent pointed out the rule—printed in every issue—and asked a would-be subscriber to order direct. His reply was that he couldn't be bothered. And so the Editor, after editing for nothing, was to pack a copy six times a year and send it at an actual loss of money to save the gentleman the trouble of getting a postal note! Of course the natural reply was that the Editor also "couldn't be bothered."

It was hoped to reduce the annual subscription, but the change of printers has made this impossible at present, and the uniform rate will have to be Mex. $7.50 post free, for all alike, in China or abroad.

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